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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established Jan. 1, 1874, and is now in its thirty-second year. It is the only newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, news, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household particulars. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 28, Order Sons of St. George—Percy J. Perry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Macdonald—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles W. Cradock, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

CORRY WATSON, No. 679, Foresters of America—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Holliman, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OWEN LODGE, No. 1, O. U. S. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry B. Lawrence, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MATTHEW LODGE, No. 98, N. E. O. P. W.—Fred Watson, Warden; Mrs. Dudley C. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Miss G. Corley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—M. W. Callaghan, Chancellor; Commander, Robert R. Franklin; Recorder, George W. Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 4, U. S. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley, Exalted Ruler; Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 189—James Graham, Chief; Alexander Giblin, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Sudden Death.

Michael King died suddenly on the street at an early hour Wednesday morning. He was discovered on West Narragansett avenue by the patrolman on the beat while the latter was extinguishing the lights about 5 o'clock in the morning. King was conscious at that time but died before the arrival of the ambulance. Death was due to natural causes, exposure and lack of nourishment probably being responsible.

King had a number of relatives in this city but had never cared to make his home with any of them. He was about 40 years of age.

Commander Joshua Bishop died at his home in Washington Monday. He was a well known naval officer (retired) and graduated from the Naval Academy in 1858, retiring in 1896. He was on duty as ordnance officer during the Spanish-American War, being stationed at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

The Newport Artillery Company attended service at Emmanuel Church last Sunday evening when Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., rector, preached to a large gathering, his text being, "Terrible as an army with banners." The sermon was a very interesting one.

Mr. A. H. Carson of Allentown, R. I., came to Newport the past week to vote and while in the city paid a visit to many of his old friends. Mr. Carson, who has not been enjoying the best of health the past year, is improving.

Governor Uter and Congressman Capron were the out of town speakers at the Republican Rally at the Opera House on Saturday evening of last week. The audience was a large one and the speakers were well received.

Mr. William Cutting, Jr., who has been traveling abroad for the benefit of his health, is greatly improved. He is at present in Paris with his mother, Mrs. Brockholst Cutting. They will not return to this country this winter.

Miss Katharine M. Stevens started yesterday for New Haven and Philadelphia, accompanying Mrs. Cargill who spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. David Stevens.

All who are interested in medical missionary work are invited to be present at Mrs. Douglas Jacoby's home, 18 Bull street, Saturday, Nov. 11th, from 3 to 6 p. m.

Leo Prinz, formerly with Neil McLeannan, has opened a tailoring establishment at 94 Broadway opposite the new High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton H. Barker will start for Philadelphia next week for a short vacation.

City Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council was held on Tuesday evening, not all the members being present. Routine business was transacted and a new electric lighting contract was made with the Old Colony Street Railway Company at a price lower than has prevailed. There were several requests for more money from the various departments, all of which were referred to the finance committee.

The report of the finance committee was received and bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Police	\$204.80
Books, Stationery and Printing	84.71
Fire Department	1,181.83
City Asylum	1,437.50
Streets and Highways	7,724.00
Ward Meetings	548.80
Public Schools	10,900.00
Public Parks	281.00
Lighting Streets	5,821.10
Berlin Grounds	58.00
Health Department	1,428.38
Public Buildings	806.25
Paupers and Vagrants	87.07
Incidentals	202.00
New High School	10,222.16
Goodell Ground Fund	15.45
Assault Fund	10.45
Dox Fund	72.00
Towne Jewish Synagogue fund, Indebted and Preserving Records	22.56
Total	\$41,700.10

On recommendation of the committee on streets and highways a resolution was passed authorizing the curbing, grading and macadamizing of Homer street at a cost of \$4700.

The committee on street lights made an extended report, accompanied by letters, on the subject of a contract for electric lighting for streets and interiors. Only one bid had been received—that of the Old Colony Street Railway Company. This the committee had believed to be too high and conferences with representatives of the company resulted in an agreement to reduce the price. After a number of conferences the company agreed, if given an exclusive franchise for seven years, to make the price for all night arc lights for a seven-year contract 24 cents per light per night; for those to burn from dusk to midnight, 25 cents per light per night; and for interior lights 9 cents per kilowatt hour, measured by meter. This offer seemed to be advantageous to the city. The present price is 45 cents for all night and 40 cents for midnight arc lights and the new price will be 23 cents and 25 cents. The saving over the old rate will be \$7,000 per year, or about \$50,000 for the seven years. The committee recommended the acceptance of this offer, and the report was received. The resolution authorizing the contract was passed after it had been explained.

The committee on public property asked for an additional appropriation of \$600 to meet current expenses. There were also requests from the board of health for \$3,200, part for current expenses and part for new sharks for tuberculous patients at the emergency hospital, and for \$2,500 from the fire department. All were referred to the committee on finance, which also has before it the request of the school committee for \$4,000 made at the last meeting.

A petition from Amanda M. F. Denman, executrix of the estate of John R. F. Denman, asking that the personal property assessment of \$10,000 against the estate be remitted, because there is no such amount taxable in this State, was referred to the assessors of taxes.

Suicide Known Here.

A sad tragedy occurred in Washington Monday night, when Mr. Washington J. Quiggle, secretary for Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, shot and killed himself after shooting his wife. It is expected that Mrs. Quiggle will recover. Mr. Quiggle spent last summer in Newport and became well known to a number of Newporters. He was well liked by all who knew him and his tragic act is a mystery to all.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Spencer celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Saturday of last week. The observance was purely informal, no invitations being issued but during the day many friends called to wish them every happiness. Many valuable gifts were bestowed upon the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer have two children, Mr. Edward L. Spencer, formerly city treasurer, and Miss Catherine A. Spencer.

The work of relaying the rails on the Beach division of the local street railway has gone forward rapidly. The Franklin street rails have been taken up and replaced by grooved rails and the street will soon be put back into condition. The rest of the rails are about in except a piece at the extreme end near the beach. There is still considerable to be done in restoring the road bed.

Miss Marian Dowling has resigned her position as organist of Emmanuel Church on account of ill health, the resignation to take effect the first of December.

Mr. Albert P. Jones, of Mansfield, Mass., was in Newport the past week.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Henry S. Hoyt.

Mrs. Henry S. Hoyt died at her home on Old Beach road on Thursday after having been in feeble health for a considerable time by reason of her advanced age of ninety-five years. She was a permanent resident of Newport, having first come here to spend the summer season some 25 years ago and subsequently making her home here the year around. Mrs. Hoyt and her husband, the late Henry S. Hoyt, who died some years ago, were prominent New Yorkers and their relatives are members of the highest social circles. They were possessed of considerable wealth. Mr. Hoyt being considered a very wealthy man. Mrs. Hoyt leaves no children but is survived by a large number of nephews and nieces. She was a communicant at St. Columba the Berkeley Memorial Chapel in Middletown.

William T. Richards.

Mr. William T. Richards died suddenly at his residence on Arnold avenue early Wednesday morning in his seventy-second year. He had apparently been in his usual health during the previous day. Mr. Richards was a native of Philadelphia but had traveled all over the world. Nearly twenty-five years ago he decided to make his permanent home on the Rhode Island coast and owned homes in Jamestown and Newport. He had a beautiful summer cottage at the Dimplings in Jamestown and it was a severe blow to him when the Government condemned his property there for fortifications. He spent the winters at his home on Arnold avenue in Newport where he lived with his daughter, Mrs. W. F. Price.

Mr. Richards' reputation as an artist was international. He had been abroad a number of times studying under famous artists and for a time he maintained a studio in London where he turned out some excellent work. Some of his water colors are hung in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington as well as in most of the galleries of prominence throughout the country. The Rhode Island coast furnished subjects for much of his best work.

John A. Pinard.

Mr. John A. Pinard, proprietor of the Pinard Cottages on Narragansett avenue, died suddenly at his home in New York on Tuesday. He had spent the summer in Newport as usual, returning to New York only a short time ago when he appeared to be in his usual health.

Mr. Pinard had a great many friends and acquaintances in this city. He built and maintained the Pinard Cottages and this had always been a successful venture, the occupants being representatives of the best society. Mr. Pinard was formerly engaged in catering in New York but of late years he had engaged in no other business than the conducting of the Pinard Cottages in this city.

Mr. Pinard was a man of genial disposition and had the faculty of making friends everywhere. He was very popular among all classes of people in this city.

Miss Maud Hurn.

Miss Maud Hurn, daughter of Mr. Charles Hurn, died at Sharon, Mass., Friday morning after a brief illness. Miss Hurn had been at Sharon for about six weeks in the hope that she might recover her health, but she succumbed to the disease. Miss Hurn was but 17 years of age and had completed her course at the Townsend Industrial School but a short time ago. She had been in the employ of the Newport Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis as a stenographer and typewriter, and was regarded as very competent and a hard and conscientious worker. She was possessed of a very lovable disposition and had many friends to whom her untimely death comes as a severe blow.

Dr. Howard Mathers, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Mathers of this city, has passed a successful examination for the practice of dentistry before the Massachusetts state board.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

William E. Brightman has rented lower flat No. 6 in the Builders & Merchants Exchange on the east side of Colonial street off Washington Square.

William E. Brightman has rented to T. Jefferson Beal the lower part of the cottage house at No. 9 Tyler street, belonging to Mrs. Mira F. Smith.

William E. Brightman has rented to John B. Steele an upper flat in the new Builders & Merchants Exchange on Colonial street off Washington Square.

William E. Brightman has rented to Patrick Hamilton the cottage at No. 20 Anthony street, belonging to the estate of Jennie O'Flaherty.

William E. Brightman has rented to John O'Connor, the tailor, the store No. 18 Franklin street, belonging to John A. Langley.

C. H. Wrightington has rented for Amos W. Hazard of Providence, the lower part of his house, No. 78 Thayer street to George W. Edgar, Jr.

Republicans Sweep the City.

Cottrell Beats Boyle for Mayor and the Entire Legislative Ticket is Elected—Most Decisive Victory for Years—Small Vote Cast but Much Interest Manifested in Learning the Result.

There will be a Republican mayor in Newport for the next year and many citizens think that this is but the beginning of a better rule for this municipality for many years to come. It was a great triumph for the Republican party and for good government generally. The defeat of Mayor Boyle, after he had served as chief executive of the city for 10 terms, was of course the greatest victory, and the substantial majority given to Mr. Cottrell was a surprise even to many of his friends in his own party. As for the Democrats, they were overwhelmed by the magnitude of their loss.

Mr. Boyle was first elected mayor of Newport on May 24, 1896, to serve out the unexpired term of Mayor Waters, and was re-elected every year until 1901 when F. P. Garretton won the election and served as mayor during the year 1902. The next year Mr. Boyle was again chosen to the office and has since occupied it, his retirement occurring just January. He has therefore served nine full terms and the unexpired term to which he was first elected.

The Republicans in Newport elected their nominees for the General Assembly with a rush. The representatives were all given large majorities, so large that the Democrats could hardly be said to have been in the running at all. The contest for Senator was much more close, the Republican nominee receiving only four votes more than his opponent, according to the wardens' figures.

For school committee Mrs. Marsh, who was the nominee of both parties, received the greatest number of votes. Next came Mrs. Harold Brown, Republican, Rev. Dr. Porter, Republican, and Dr. R. E. Darrah, who, although a Republican, was the nominee of the Democratic party. Mr. R. C. Bachelier, the regular Republican nominee, failed of re-election.

The day was an ideal one for election day, clear and not too cool. The party workers of the Republican side were busy all day, but there seemed to be a lethargy in the Democratic camp. The vote polled was not as large as it should have been in any of the wards, the deficiency being especially noticeable in the fifth ward. It was in this ward that Mr. Boyle lost 60 of his majority of the previous year.

On the State ticket Newport gave an increased plurality for Uter and supported the other Republican nominees very staunchly. The amendment to the constitution did not seem to be popular, Newport returning a majority against it, and also against the State loan for roads and armory.

There was a large crowd on the street Tuesday evening to learn the result of the election and when it was found that the Republican candidates had been uniformly successful there was an attempt to get up an impromptu parade but owing to lack of a band the celebration was called off. Quite a delegation called at the residence of Mayor-Elect Cottrell and were hospitably received.

The result of the election on November 7 was as follows:

GOVERNOR.						
Wards,	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Uter, R.	434	707	600	320	180	2,241
Garvin, D.	412	311	318	122	580	1,643
Herrick, S. L.	2	10	8	0	0	20
Carpenter, S.	4	0	3	0	1	8
Total.						4,142
Plurality for Uter, 161.						

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.							St
J. R.,	350	704	498	313	171	2062	wa
D. D.,	282	321	301	400	500	1903	Sh
P.,	4	7	8	2	2	18	for
S. L.,	3	5	3	4	4	19	
S.,	5	0	3	2	2	12	
L.						401	

SECRETARY OF STATE.						
R.,	444	711	545	318	178	2152
mons, D.,	271	317	211	403	574	1176
P.,	1	9	3	5	1	9
S. L.,	5	1	4	4	4	19
S.,	5	1	3	2	1	12

ty for Bennett, 376.							868
ATTORNEY GENERAL.							
rh, R.,	337	712	502	315	174	2140	
J.,	210	312	221	389	578	1790	
P.,	2	0	8	3	1	18	
S. L.,	5	0	4	6	3	22	
	5	0	3	0			

y for Greenough, 341.							2000	
GENERAL TREASURER.								Mr
	430	712	502	315	172	2181	eng	
	276	315	203	400	574	1801	hle	
	1	9	3	5	1	17		
	5	1	4	4	4	18		
	5	0	3	2	1	11		
Total.							4,004	
Plurality for Rend, 270.								

	0	0	8	8	1	18	per
						<u>4040</u>	wh
y for Read; 270.							blm
NDMENT TO CONSTITUTION.							New

251	432	359	241	118	1,401	very
255	360	324	341	368	1,648	
Y AGAINST, 178.						
ROADS AND ARMORY LOANS.						
251	402	389	241	118	1,401	

SENATOR.						
Mr.,	412	701	461	300	177	2051
For Sanborn	818	487	352	487	553	2017

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE.						
Hammond, R.	492	721	490	307	181	2,191
Underwood, D.	301	384	302	418	583	1,948
Plurality for Hammond, 184.						

SECOND REPRESENTATIVE.							and
Burlington, R.	404	727	508	318	177	2,154	for R
Rosen, D.	285	339	342	400	584	1,950	posi
Plurality for Burlington, 164.							

THIRD REPRESENTATIVE.						
Franklin, R.	432	720	505	321	179	2,167
Maloney, D.	261	350	290	399	580	1,881
Plurality for Franklin, 255.						

FOURTH REPRESENTATIVE.						
Burdick, R.	420	717	505	315	180	2,147
Munford, D.	304	355	308	408	581	1,956
Plurality for Burdick, 202.						
MAYOR.						

Boyle, D.	351	417	347	431	618	2,067
Majority for Cottrell, 92.						

CITY TREASURER.

Taylor, R. & D.	716	1 37	804	727	643	8927
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SCHOOL COMMITTEE.						
R. C. Bachelder,	392	497	473	322	180	3098
Wm. Brown,	498	718	440	344	177	2182
Mrs. Marsh,	680	965	771	708	727	8818
S. H. Porter,	144	739	498	918	127	8810

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.						
R. C. Bachelier, R.	395	607	473	322	180	2,096
Mrs. Brown, D.	360	718	440	344	177	2,122
Mrs. Marsh, R.	360	605	771	705	727	2,816
E. H. Porter, R.	444	728	460	289	185	2,106
E. E. Darrah, R.	400	600	300	421	512	2,161
J. E. Lovingsgood, D.	226	300	280	380	572	1,815
J. A. Sullivan, R.	274	385	287	382	480	1,826
Mrs. Mary W. Marsh, Rev. Emory H. Porter, Dr. Rufus E. Darrah and Mrs. George Brown were elected.						

FIRST WARD.	
ALDERMAN.	
Robert P. Hamilton, Soterling, 2.	371

FIRST COUNCILMAN.		
Frank P. Gladding,		368
SECOND COUNCILMAN.		
Robert Kerr,		367
THIRD COUNCILMAN.		

William S. Rogers,	374
WARDEN,	
Joseph S. Lawton,	482
WARD CLERK,	
Samuel L. ...	

SECOND WARD.		
ALDERMAN.		
George W. Ritchie,		558
FIRST COUNCILMAN		

Robert Frame,	561
SECOND COUNCILMAN.	
Herbert L. Dyer,	562
THIRD COUNCILMAN.	
Frank R. Humber,	563

WARDEN.		
John G. Goddard,		787
WARD CLERK.		
Robert C. Ebbes,		728

THIRD WARD,	
ALDERMAN.	
Robert Bliss,	379
FIRST COUNCILMAN.	
George H. Williams,	380

SECOND COUNCILMAN.		
William O. Milne,		567
THIRD COUNCILMAN.		
W. P. Mason,		581

Frank Scott,	495
WARD CLERK.	
Thomas Hodson,	497
FOURTH WARD	

ALDERMAN.		
Shanahan,		856
W. Bacheller,		256
Majority for Shanahan, 101.		
FIRST COUNCILMAN.		

Butler,	848
Alexander MacLellan,	282
Majority for Butler, 86.	
SECOND COUNCILMAN.	
Wm. B. Donnelly,	852

Majority for Honnelly, 108.	511	
THIRD COUNCILMAN.		
W. P. Carey,		m
Charles R. Blackmar, Jr.,	345	S
Majority for Carey, 98.	247	ta

WARDEN.		8
Michael R. Connelly,	707	h
WARD CLERK.		
Thomas J. Doyle.	707	h
FIFTH WARD.		

ALDERMAN.										
James F. Kelly,						429				
FIRST COUNCILMAN.										
Joseph M. Martin,						437				

SECOND COUNCILMAN.		
Wm. J. Morgan,	428	by
THIRD COUNCILMAN.		ha
W. J. Martin,	426	th
WARDEN		ho

WARD CLERK.		
Earl P. Mason,	381	the
Earl J. Ebbitt,	580	W
		E

WARDEN.										
Frank G. Scott, 2.						495				

WARD CLERK.										
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The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. STEELE

(CONTINUED.)

On that day and the next and next Holmes was in a mood which his friends would call taciturn and others morose. He ran out and ran in, smoked incessantly, played snatches on his violin, sank into reveries, devoured sandwiches at irregular hours and hardly answered the casual questions which I put to him. It was evident to me that things were not going well with him or his quest. He would say nothing of the case, and it was from the papers that I learned the particulars of the hequest and the arrest, with the subsequent release, of John Mitton, the violet of the deceased. The coroner's jury brought in the obvious "wilful murder," but the parties remained as unknown as ever. No motive was suggested. The room was full of articles of value, but none had been taken. The dead man's papers had not been tampered with. They were carefully examined and showed that he was a keen student of international politics, an indefatigable gossip, a remarkable linguist and an unerring letter writer. He had been on intimate terms with the leading politicians of several countries, but nothing sensational was discovered among the documents which filled his drawers. As to his relations with women, they appeared to have been promiscuous, but superficial. He had many acquaintances among them, but few friends, and no one whom he loved. His habits were regular, his conduct inoffensive. His death was an absolute mystery and likely to remain so.

As to the arrest of John Mitton, the violet, it was a case of despair as an alternative to a final action. But no case could be sustained against him. He had visited friends in Hammer-smith that night. The alibi was complete. It is true that he started home at an hour which should have brought him to Westminster before the time when the crime was discovered, but his own explanation that he had walked part of the way seemed probable enough in view of the fogginess of the night. He had actually arrived at 12 o'clock and appeared to be overwhelmed by the unexpected tragedy. He had always been on good terms with his master. Several of the dead man's possessions, notably a small case of razors, had been found in the violet's boxes, but he explained that they had been presents from the deceased, and the housekeeper was able to corroborate the story. Mitton had been in Lucas' employment for three years. It was noticeable that Lucas did not take Mitton on the continent with him. Sometimes he visited Paris for three months on end, but Mitton was left in charge of the Godolphin street house. As to the housekeeper, she heard nothing on the night of the crime. If her master had a visitor he had himself admitted him.

So for three mornings the mystery remained, so far as I could follow it in the papers. If Holmes knew more, he kept his own counsel, but as he told me that Inspector Lestrade had taken him into his confidence in the case I knew that he was in close touch with every development. Upon the fourth day there appeared a long telegram from Paris which seemed to solve the whole question.

"A discovery has just been made by the Parisian police," said the Daily Telegraph, "which raises the veil which hung round the tragic fate of Mr. Eduardo Lucas, who met his death by violence last Monday night in Godolphin street, Westminster. Our readers will remember that the deceased gentleman was found stabbed in his room and that some suspicion attached to his valet, but that the case broke down on an alibi. Yesterday a lady, who has been known as Mme. Henri Fournaye, occupying a small villa in the Rue Austerlitz, was reported to the authorities by her servants as being insane. An examination showed she had indeed developed mania of a dangerous and permanent form. On inquiry the police have discovered that Mme. Henri Fournaye only returned from a journey to London on Tuesday last, and there is evidence to connect her with the crime at Westminster. A comparison of photographs has proved conclusively that M. Henri Fournaye and Eduardo Lucas were really one and the same person and that the deceased had for some reason lived a double life in London and Paris. Mme. Fournaye, who is of exotic origin, is of an extremely excitable nature and has suffered in the past from attacks of jealousy which have amounted to frenzy. It is conjectured that it was in one of these that she committed the terrible crime which has caused such a sensation in London. Her movements upon the Monday night have not yet been traced, but it is undoubtedly that a woman answering to her description attracted much attention at Charing Cross station on Tuesday morning by the wildness of her appearance and the violence of her gestures. It is probable, therefore, that the crime was either committed when insane or that its immediate effect was to drive the unhappy woman out of her mind. At present she is unable to give any coherent account of the past, and the doctors hold out no hopes of the re-establishment of her reason. There is evidence that a woman, who might have been Mme. Fournaye, was seen for some hours upon Monday night watching the house in Godolphin street."

"What do you think of that, Holmes?" I had read the account aloud to him while he finished his breakfast. "My dear Watson," said he as he rose from the table and paced up and down the room, "you are most long-winded, but if I have told you nothing in the last three days it is because there is nothing to tell. Even now this report from Paris does not help us much."

"Surely it is final as regards the man's death."

"The man's death is a mere incident, a trivial episode, in comparison with our real task, which is to trace this document and save a European catastrophe. Only one important thing has happened in the last three days, and that is that nothing has happened. I get reports almost hourly from the government, and it is certain that nowhere in Europe is there any sign of trouble. Now, if this letter were loose—no, it can't be loose—but if it isn't loose where can it be? Who has it? Why is it held back? That's the question that beats in my brain like a hammer. Was it, indeed, a coincidence that Lucas should meet his death on the night when the letter disappeared? Did the letter ever reach him? If so, why is it not among his papers? Did it not go with his carry off with her? If so, is it in her house in Paris? How could I search for it without the French police having their suspicions aroused? It is a case, my dear Watson, where the law is as dangerous to us as the criminals are. Every man's hand is against us, and yet the interests at stake are colossal. Should I bring it to a successful conclusion it will certainly represent the crowning glory of my career. Ah, here is my latest from the front!" He glanced hurriedly at the note which had been handed in. "Hello! Lestrade seems to have observed something of interest. Put on your hat, Watson, and we will stroll down together to Westminster."

It was my first visit to the scene of the crime—a high, dingy, narrow chested house, prim, formal and solid, like the century which gave it birth. Lestrade's bulldog features gazed out at us from the front window, and he greeted us warmly when a big constable had opened the door and let us in. The room into which we were shown was that in which the crime had been committed, but no trace of it now remained save an ugly, irregular stain upon the carpet. This carpet was a small square druggist in the center of the room, surrounded by a broad expanse of beautiful, old fashioned wood flooring in square blocks highly polished. Over the fireplace was a magnificent trophy of weapons, one of which had been used on that tragic night. In the window was a sumptuous writing desk, and every detail of the apartment, the pictures, the rugs and the hangings, all pointed to a taste which was luxurious to the verge of effeminacy.

"Seen the Paris news?" asked Lestrade. Holmes nodded. "Our French friends seem to have touched the spot this time. No doubt it's just as they say. She knocked at the door—surprise visit, I guess, for he kept his life in water tight compartments—he let her in, couldn't keep her in the street. She told him how she had traced him, reproached him; one thing led to another, and then with that dagger so handy the end soon came. It wasn't all done in an instant, though, for these chairs were all swept over yonder, and he had one in his hand as if he had tried to hold her off with it. We've got it all clear as if we had seen it."

Holmes raised his eyebrows. "And yet you have sent for me?" "Ah, yes, that's another matter; a mere trifle, but the sort of thing you take an interest in—queer, you know, and what you might call freakish. It has nothing to do with the main fact—can't bare, on the face of it."

"What is it, then?" "Well, you know, after a crime of this sort we are very careful to keep things in their position. Nothing has been moved. Officer in charge here day and night. This morning, as the man was buried and the investigation over—so far as this room is concerned—we thought we could tidy up a bit. This carpet—you see, it is not fastened down, only just laid there. We had occasion to raise it. We found—"

"Yes? You found?" Holmes' face grew tense with anxiety. "Well, I'm sure you would never guess in a hundred years what we did find. You see that stain on the carpet? Well, a great deal must have soaked through, must it not?"

"Undoubtedly it must."

"Well, you will be surprised to hear that there is no stain on the white woodwork to correspond."

"No stain! But there must!"

"Yes, so you would say. But the fact remains that there isn't."

He took the corner of the carpet in his hand, and, turning it over, he showed that it was indeed as he said.

"But the underside is as stained as the upper. It must have left a mark."

Lestrade chuckled with delight at having puzzled the famous expert.

"Now, I'll show you the explanation. There is a second stain, but it does not correspond with the other. See for yourself."

As he spoke he turned over another portion of the carpet, and there, sure enough, was a great crimson spill upon the square white facing of the old fashioned floor. "What do you make of that, Mr. Holmes?"

"Why, it is simple enough. The two stains did correspond, but the carpet has been turned round. As it was square and unfastened it was easily done."

"The official police don't need you, Mr. Holmes, to tell them that the carpet must have been turned round. That's clear enough, for the stains lie above each other—if you lay it over again—"

who shifted the carpet, and why. I could see from Holmes' face that he was vibrating with inward excitement.

"Look here, Lestrade," said he, "has that constable in the passage been in charge of the place all the time?"

"Yes, he has."

"Well, take my advice. Examine him carefully. Don't do it before us. We'll wait here. You take him into the back room. You'll be more likely to get a confession out of him alone. Ask him how he dared to admit people and leave them alone in this room. Don't ask him if he has done it. Take it for granted. Tell him you know some one has been here. Press him. Tell him that a full confession is his only chance of forgiveness. Do exactly what I tell you!"

"By George, if he knows I'll have it out of him!" cried Lestrade. He darted into the hall, and a few moments later his bullying voice sounded from the back room.

"Now, Watson, now," cried Holmes with frenzied eagerness. All the demoniacal force of the man masked behind that listless manner burst out in a paroxysm of energy. He tore the druggist from the floor and in an instant was down on his hands and knees clawing at each of the squares of wood beneath it. One turned sideways as he dug his nails into the edge of it. It blazed back like the lid of a box. A small black cavity opened beneath it. Holmes plunged his eager hand into it and drew it out with a bitter snarl of anger and disappointment. It was empty.

"Quick, Watson, quick! Get it back again!" The wooden lid was replaced, and the druggist had only just been drawn straight when Lestrade's voice was heard in the passage. He found Holmes leaning languidly against the mantelpiece, resigned and patient, endeavoring to conceal his irrepressible fawns.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Holmes. I can see that you are bored to death with the whole affair. Well, he has confessed, all right. Come in here, MacPherson. Let these gentlemen hear of your most inexcusable conduct."

The big constable, very hot and pentitent, sidled into the room.

"I meant no harm, sir, I'm sure. The young woman came to the door last evening; mistook the house, she did. And then we got talking. It's long since when you're on duty here all day."

"Well, what happened then?"

"She wanted to see where the crime was done—had read about it in the papers, she said. She was a very respectable, well spoken young woman, sir, and I saw no harm in letting her have a peep. When she saw that mark on the carpet down she dropped on the floor and lay as if she were dead. I ran to the back and got some water, but I could not bring her to. Then I went round the corner to the Ivy Plant for some brandy, and by the time I had brought it back the young woman had recovered and was off-ashamed of herself, I dare say, and dared not face me."

"How about moving that druggist?"

"Well, sir, it was a bit rumpled, certainly, when I came back. You see, she fell on it, and it lies on a polished floor with nothing to keep it in place. I straightened it out afterward."

"It's a lesson to you that you can't deceive me, Constable MacPherson," said Lestrade, with dignity. "No doubt you thought that your breach of duty could never be discovered, and yet a mere glance at that druggist was enough to convince me that some one had been admitted to the room. It's lucky for you, my man, that nothing is missing, or you would find yourself in Queer street. I'm sorry to have called you down over such a petty business, Mr. Holmes, but I thought the point of the second stain not corresponding with the first would interest you."

"Certainly, it was most interesting. Has this woman only been here once, constable?"

"Yes, sir; only once."

"Who was she?"

"Don't know the name, sir. Was answering an advertisement about typewriting and came to the wrong number—very pleasant, genteel young woman, sir."

"Tall? Handsome?"

"Yes, sir; she was a well grown young woman. I suppose you might say she was handsome. Perhaps some would say she was very handsome. Oh, officer, do let me have a peep!" says she. She had pretty, coaxing ways, as you might say, and I thought there was no harm in letting her just put her head through the door."

"How was she dressed?"

"Quiet, sir—a long mantle down to her feet."

"What time was it?"

"It was just growing dusk at the time. They were lighting the lamps as I came back with the brandy."

"Very good," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, I think that we have more important work elsewhere."

As we left the house Lestrade remained in the front room, while the repentant constable opened the door to let us out. Holmes turned on the step and held up something in his hand. The constable stared intently.

"Good Lord, sir!" he cried, with amazement on his face. Holmes put his finger on his lips, replaced his hand in his breast pocket and burst out laughing as we turned down the street.

"Excellent!" said he. "Come, Friend Watson, the curtain rings up for the last act. You will be relieved to hear that there will be no war, that the Right Hon. Trelawney Hope will suffer no setback in his brilliant career, that the indiscreet sovereign will receive no punishment for his indiscretion, that the prime minister will have no European complication to deal with, and that with a little tact and management upon our part nobody will be a penny the worse for what might have been a very ugly incident."

My mind filled with admiration for this extraordinary man.

"You have solved it?" I cried.

"Hardly that, Watson. There are some points which are as dark as ever. But we have so much that it will be a great help if we cannot get the best. We will go straight to Whitehall terrace and bring the matter to a head."

When we arrived at the residence of the European secretary it was for Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope that Sherlock Holmes inquired. We were shown into the morning room.

"Mr. Holmes," said the lady, and her face was pink with her indignation. "this is surely most unfair and ungenerous upon your part. I desired, as I have explained, to keep my visit to you a secret lest my husband should think that I was intruding into his affairs, and yet you compromise me by coming here and so showing that there are business relations between us."

"Unfortunately, madam, I had no possible alternative. I have been commissioned to recover this immensely important paper. I must therefore ask you, madam, to be kind enough to place it in my hands."

The lady sprang to her feet, with the color all dashed in an instant from her beautiful face. Her eyes glazed. She tottered. I thought that she would faint. Then, with a grand effort, she rallied from the shock, and a supreme astonishment and indignation chased every other expression from her features.

"You—you insult me, Mr. Holmes."

"Come, come, madam. It is useless. Give up the letter."

She darted to the bell.

"The butler shall show you out."

"Do not ring, Lady Hilda. If you do, then all my earnest efforts to avoid a scandal will be frustrated. Give up the letter and all will be set right. If you will work with me I can arrange everything. If you work against me I must expose you."

She stood grandly defiant, a queenly figure, her eyes fixed upon his as if she would read his very soul. Her hand was on the bell, but she had forborne to ring it.

"You are trying to frighten me. It is not a very manly thing, Mr. Holmes, to come here and browbeat a woman. You say that you know something. What is it that you know?"

"Pray sit down, madam. You will hurt yourself there if you fall. I will not speak until you sit down. Thank you."

"I give you five minutes, Mr. Holmes."

"One is enough, Lady Hilda. I know of your visit to Eduardo Lucas, of your giving him this document, of your ingenious return to the room last night and of the manner in which you took the letter from the hiding place under the carpet."

She stared at him with an ashen face and gulped twice before she could speak.

"You are mad, Mr. Holmes—you are mad!" she cried at last.

He drew a small piece of cardboard from his pocket. It was the face of a woman cut out of a portrait.

"I have carried this because I thought it might be useful," said he. "The policeman has recognized it."

She gave a gasp, and her head dropped back in the chair.

"Come, Lady Hilda. You have the letter. The matter may still be adjusted. I have no desire to bring trouble to you. My duty ends when I have returned the lost letter to your husband. Take my advice and be frank with me. It is your only chance."

Her courage was admirable. Even now she would not own defeat.

"I tell you again, Mr. Holmes, that you are under some absurd illusion."

Holmes rose from his chair.

"I am sorry for you, Lady Hilda. I have done my best for you. I can see that it is all in vain."

He rang the bell. The butler entered.

"Is Mr. Trelawney Hope at home?"

"He will be home, sir, at a quarter to 1."

Holmes glanced at his watch.

"Still a quarter of an hour," said he. "Very good; I shall wait."

The butler had hardly closed the door behind him when Lady Hilda was down on her knees at Holmes' feet, her hands outstretched, her beautiful face upturned and wet with her tears.

"Oh, spare me, Mr. Holmes! Spare me!" she pleaded in a frenzy of supplication. "For heaven's sake, don't tell him! I love him so! I would not bring one shadow on his life, and this I know would break his noble heart."

Holmes raised the lady. "I am thankful, madam, that you have come to your senses even at this last moment! There is not an instant to lose. Where is the letter?"

She darted across to a writing desk, unlocked it and drew out a long blue envelope.

"Here it is, Mr. Holmes. Would to heaven I had never seen it!"

"How can we return it?" Holmes muttered. "Quick, quick, we must think of some way! Where is the dispatch box?"

"Still in his bedroom."

"What a stroke of luck! Quick, madam, bring it here!"

A moment later she had appeared with a red, flat box in her hand.

"How did you open it before? You have a duplicate key? Yes, of course you have. Open it!"

From out of her bosom Lady Hilda had drawn a small key. The box flew open. It was stuffed with papers. Holmes thrust the blue envelope deep down into the heart of them, between the leaves of some other document. The box was shut, locked and returned to the bedroom.

"Now we are ready for him," said Holmes. "We have still ten minutes. I am going far to screen you, Lady Hilda. In return you will spend the time in telling me frankly the real meaning of this extraordinary affair."

"Mr. Holmes, I will tell you everything," cried the lady. "Oh, Mr. Holmes, I would cut off my right hand before I gave him a moment of sorrow! There is no woman in all London who loves her husband as I do, and yet if he knew how I have acted—how I have been compelled to act—he would never forgive me, for his own honor stands so high that he could not forget or pardon a lapse in another. Help me, Mr. Holmes! My happiness, my happiness, our very lives, are at stake!"

"Quick, madam; the time grows short!"

"It was a letter of mine, Mr. Holmes, an indiscreet letter written before my marriage—a foolish letter, a letter of an impulsive, loving girl. I meant no harm, and yet he would have thought it criminal. Had he read that letter his confidence would have been forever destroyed. It is years since I wrote it. I had thought that the whole matter was forgotten. Then at last I heard from this man Lucas that it had passed into his hands and that he would lay it before my husband. I implored his mercy. He said that he would return my letter if I would bring him a certain document which he described in my husband's dispatch box. He had some spy in the office who had told him of its existence. He assured me that no harm could come to my husband. Put yourself in my position, Mr. Holmes! What was I to do?"

"Take your husband into your confidence."

"I could not, Mr. Holmes, I could not! On the one side seemed certain ruin; on the other, terrible as it seemed, to take my husband's paper; still in a matter of politics I could not understand the consequences, while in a matter of love and trust they were only too clear to me. I did it, Mr. Holmes! I took an impression of his key. This man Lucas furnished a duplicate. I opened his dispatch box, took the paper and conveyed it to Godolphin street."

"What happened there, madam?"

"I tapped at the door as agreed. Lucas opened it. I followed him into his room, leaving the hall door ajar behind me, for I feared to be alone with the man. I remember that there was a woman outside as I entered. Our business was soon done. He had my letter on his desk. I handed him the document. He gave me the letter. At this instant there was a sound at the door. There were steps in the passage. Lucas quickly turned back the druggist, thrust the document into some hiding place there and covered it over."

"What happened after that is like some fearful dream. I have a vision of a dark, frantic face, of a woman's voice, which screamed in French: 'My waiting is not in vain. At last, at last, I have found you with her! There was a savage struggle. I saw him with a chair in his hand, a knife gleamed in hers. I rushed from the horrible scene, ran from the house, and only next morning in the paper did I learn the dreadful result. That night I was happy, for I had my letter, and I had not seen yet what the future would bring."

"It was the next morning that I realized that I had only exchanged one trouble for another. My husband's anguish at the loss of his paper went to my heart. I could hardly prevent myself from there and then kneeling down at his feet and telling him what I had done. But that again would mean a confession of the past. I came to you that morning in order to understand the full enormity of my offense. From the instant that I grasped it my whole mind was turned to the one thought of getting back my husband's paper. It must still be where Lucas had placed it, for it was concealed before this dreadful woman entered the room. If it had not been for her coming, I should not have known where his hiding place was. How was I to get into the room? For two days I watched the place, but the door was never left open. Last night I made a last attempt. What I did and how I succeeded you have already learned. I brought the paper back with me and thought of destroying it, since I could see no way of returning it without confessing my guilt to my husband. Heavens, I hear his step upon the stairs!"

The European secretary burst excitedly into the room.

"Any news, Mr. Holmes, any news?" he cried.

"Ah, thank heaven!" His face became radiant. "The prime minister is lunching with me. May he save your hopes? He has nerves of steel, and yet I know that he has hardly slept since this terrible event. Jacobs, will you ask the prime minister to come up? As to you, dear, I fear that this is a matter of politics. We will join you in a few minutes in the dining room."

The prime minister's manner was subdued, but I could see by the gleam of his eyes and the twitchings of his bony hands that he shared the excitement of his young colleague.

"I understand that you have something to report, Mr. Holmes?"

"Purely negative as yet," my friend answered. "I have inquired at every point where it might be, and I am sure that there is no danger to be apprehended."

"But that is not enough, Mr. Holmes. We cannot live forever on such a volcano. We must have something definite."

"I am in hopes of getting it. That is why I am here. The more I think of the matter the more convinced I am that the letter has never left this house."

"Mr. Holmes!"

"If it had it would certainly have been public by now."

"But why should any one take it in order to keep it in this house?"

"I am not convinced that any one did take it."

"Then how could it leave the dispatch box?"

"I am not convinced that it ever did leave the dispatch box."

"Mr. Holmes, this joking is very ill timed. You have my assurance that it left the box."

"Have you examined the box since Tuesday morning?"

"No. It was not necessary."

"You may conceivably have overlooked it."

"Impossible, I say."

"But I am not convinced of it. I have known such things to happen. I presume there are other papers there. Well, it may have got mixed with them."

"It was on the top."

"Some one may have shaken the box and displaced it."

"No, no; I had everything out."

"Surely it is easily decided, Hope," said the premier. "Let us have the dispatch box brought in."

The secretary rang the bell.

"Jacobs, bring down my dispatch box. This is a farcical waste of time."

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THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

but still, if nothing else will satisfy you, it shall be done. Thank you, James; put it here. I have always had the key on my watch chain. Here are the papers, you see—letter from Lord Morrow, report from Sir Charles Hardy, memorandum from Belgrade, note on the Russo-German grain taxes, letter from Madrid, note from Lord Flowers—Good heavens! What is that? Lord Bellinger! Lord Bellinger!"

The premier snatched the blue envelope from his hand.

"Yes, it is it—and the letter is intact. Hope, I congratulate you."

"Thank you! Thank you! What a weight from my heart! But this is inconceivable—impossible. Mr. Holmes, you are a wizard, a sorcerer! How did you know it was there?"

"Because I knew it was nowhere else."

"I cannot believe my eyes!" He ran wildly to the door. "Where is my wife? I must tell her that all is well. Hilda! Hilda!" we heard his voice on the stairs.

The premier looked at Holmes with twinkling eyes.

"Come, sir," said he. "There is more in this than meets the eye. How came the letter back in the box?"

Holmes turned away smiling from the keen scrutiny of those wonderful eyes.

"We also have our diplomatic secrets," said he, and, picking up his hat, he turned to the door.

THE END.

One waste which we note through the corn canning sections of the country is in the failure to properly save the stalks of the sweet corn from which the corn has been picked. This is a most valuable forage and is well worth saving in good shape. Most of the fields are turned over to the stock at a time when other feed is abundant. We do not know of any other food for the milk cow in the winter than these sweet corn stalks well cured.

Strange as it may seem, the orchard and garden men near Fort Collins, Colo., for a long time considered sheep manure as injurious to their trees and crops. At this place enormous quantities of sheep are annually fitted for the market and an unlimited supply of sheep manure was available. A change, however, has come, and now it is regarded as one of the most valuable of fertilizers, especially for sugar beets. Sheep manure is a highly concentrated fertilizer and might very easily be used to excess. Of its fertilizing value there is no question, for all land upon which sheep run grows constantly richer and more productive.

The range men have their troubles in the matter of transportation of their stock to market. We met one of them recently who undertook to ship over 500 range horses to an eastern market. Because of carelessness or inability to water these horses at proper intervals during a hot August season they were kept locked in the cars for a period of 107 hours, and when released and water given them 350 of them died in less than an hour. Of course the owner has a valid claim for damage against the railway company, which was the most flagrant violation of the law requiring the unloading and watering of stock every twenty-eight hours.

It is worth noting that lately a locomotive on an eastern railway has been very successfully operated by the use of peat briquettes prepared at a less cost than coal and giving abundant power without smoke or dirt. The states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and the north half of Iowa abound in peat deposits varying in depth from two to twenty feet, an unlimited and available fuel supply of great calorific value just as soon as methods are evolved for its practical use. Its use will involve the invention of some cheap machine for pressing it into blocks of proper size for use and possibly a marked change in the stoves as now used in order to properly burn it. Be that as it may, there are supplies of peat in the northwest sufficient to last for centuries.

A friend wishes to know what is the best use to make of bottom land which is subject to overflow in wet seasons to such an extent that the crops of corn and other cereals are ruined. If the problem is one which drainage will not cure, the best use to make of the land is to keep it in grass—make a permanent pasture of it. An acre of blue grass on such land will, one year with another, pay a larger profit as a meat maker than the average dry acres of the farm of which it is a part. For meat making or for dairy purposes such an acre of land will net the owner, one year with another, not less than \$8. It is a poor policy to try to cultivate such land for the sake of a good crop in only the extra dry seasons, for it simply means a wilderness of weeds and no grass during the wet ones.

We do not now know of a single person who is engaged in the raising of Belgian hares. That fact is entirely dead. There never was anything to it as a meat making proposition. Even if the meat could have been raised as claimed there was no profitable market for it. It is about time for another fall of this sort.

We lately saw a woman driving a team hitched to a mower, and she was cutting the weeds down in a large pasture lot. It was not hard work for either her or the team, and she was doing lots more good than if she had been doing some fancy work, reading one of these historical novels or making one of some tea party.

The Rocky Ford melon growers got over \$500,000 for their crop of melons this year, and this valuable crop was produced on land which was not long since considered almost worthless.

The average consumption of prunes in this country is only one and one-fourth pounds per season. This seems almost incredible in view of the large number of people whom we meet who are full of them.

The Disappearance
Of Miss Griswold

By GEORGE
ETHELBERT WALSH

Copyright, 1904, by George Ethelbert Walsh

IT was past midnight when the door-bell rang with insistent din, rousing me from a reverie which bordered close upon dreamland. A few moments later when the maid entered the study in breathless haste I saw that she was followed by another, who, unable to restrain his eagerness, had obtained his presence without waiting for formal announcement.

He was a medium sized man, well dressed, prosperous looking and wild eyed. Some great commotion stirred him so that his manner was abrupt and precipitous.

"Mr. Purdue!" he exclaimed interrogatively, approaching close to my



"I WANT YOU TO FIND MY DAUGHTER."

sent. "I'm Mr. Griswold—Henry Griswold of Fifth avenue."

I rose and motioned him to a seat, but he continued standing.

"I'm in great trouble, and I've come to you for help. The police are helpless and hopeless. They're no better than amateurs."

"Pardon me," I interrupted sharply, "but if the case is so serious no time can be lost in emotional weakness. What is it you want of me?"

"I want you to find my daughter—Helen Griswold. You know her?"

"I've heard of her," I responded. "But I did not know that she was lost."

"No, no; of course not," the broken hearted banker and father continued. "We kept it from the papers. The police advised it. But now—now—"

I handed him a glass of brandy and waited for it to quiet and strengthen his nerves. I warned him to be brief and coherent in his story so that I should not be misled.

"There is little enough to tell," he said finally. "Two nights ago a party of us visited Chinatown. It was a fool expedition headed by Bromley. He said he knew all the joints and opium dens and that a night of slumming would be amusing. Well, we went down to Mott street and visited all of the Chinese joints, restaurants and theaters. It was a bore to me, but the young people enjoyed it."

"How many were in the party?" I asked, mentally jotting down notes.

"Only six of us—my wife and daughter, Bromley and Henry Valentine and his sister Jennie. They were all eager to see everything, and they dragged me around until midnight. The last we visited was a disreputable place kept by Sing Tung. It was a queer joint, filled with strange Chinese idols and divided into many compartments by silk draperies and paper partitions. Bromley said the owner was a wealthy Chinaman and one of the highbinders, whatever that means."

"I didn't take much stock in his talk until—until it happened."

"What happened?" I asked to recall the man to his story after a few moments in which he sobbed again.

"She—she my daughter disappeared," he moaned, "right under our eyes. She was spirited away. A noise outside had attracted our attention to the window. Helen was tired and remained seated a few feet back of us. When we turned she was gone. We hunted for her and threatened the Chinamen, but they knew nothing about her. They refused to tell anything. We got desperate, and while Bromley ran for the police the rest of us searched the house, tearing down the draperies and upsetting the pictures and idols. But it was no use. Helen had been spirited away, and—"

I waited patiently and motioned for him to continue.

"And the police were no more successful," the banker added.

With some difficulty I calmed the man sufficiently to get a few further necessary details from him and then dismissed him.

It must have been twenty minutes later when the "Chinese puzzle," as I facetiously had to term it, was slowly unfolding itself that I was disturbed by the maid's sudden appearance again.

"A Chinaman, sir, wishes to see you," she announced.

A stout, well fed oriental appeared. He was dressed in his native costume, but a glance showed me that he was a man of wealth and influence among his people. I was still further surprised when he addressed me in good English.

"I come to you, Mr. Purdue, to help me in a great trouble," he explained, after a low bow. "I am a man of influence among my people and they respect me. I have wealth and will reward you. I must clear my name of all dishonor. The police, they not believe me, but I know you will. They follow me here and watch me all the time. I know not what to do unless you help me."

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

"A small boat was rowed alongside of the stranded craft, and when, in company with one of the men

asked quietly, "But, first, your name and address."

"It is Sing Tung, and there is my place of business. I am a merchant and respectable."

I took the proffered card with a little involuntary start. Was it a coincidence or a well defined oriental plan for the man who was suspected of spiriting away Helen Griswold in his own establishment to seek my professional assistance within half an hour after the outraged father had called upon me?

"Be seated a moment," I said, wishing time to study the situation.

With oriental calmness he related in substance the story of the mysterious disappearance of Helen Griswold as told to me twenty minutes before by her father. The only difference was in the ending.

This was as follows: "When the noise outside attracted their attention I walked to the window, too, and looked out. Then I heard some one ask, 'Where's Helen?' I turned then to look. The beautiful girl was gone. We all looked for her, but she was nowhere. They accused me of taking her away, and the police threatened me. What can I do? I know nothing about it. I come to you for help."

I felt that the man was lying, but I refrained from saying so. By taking his case I might be able to get some light on the subject.

Half an hour later Sing Tung guided me to his home. The place was already in the hands of the police and the house was practically guarded and watched on every side.

It had been an ordinary dilapidated brick building constructed in the days when Dutchmen dwelt in the neighborhood of Mott street as the fashionable section of New York, but strange and wondrous changes and transformations had been made in the house during successive ages of occupation.

Sing Tung, with evident innocence, showed me all of the secret places of the house, explaining in elaborate detail the uses to which the different rooms were put.

"How many Chinamen were in the house the night of the disappearance?" I asked Sing Tung casually.

"One besides myself—Wing Tung, my son, and he's held at police headquarters."

"Where was he standing when Miss Griswold disappeared?"

"He was upstairs in the back room. He came down when he heard the noise. He was looking for his cloak."

"Did he find it?"

This question was asked merely to keep the Chinaman talking while I could study his face.

"No; the cloak was gone. It was nowhere in the house."

I was instantly alert. If the cloak had disappeared it had probably been used to cover Miss Griswold in her hurried and mysterious kidnapping.

"Describe the cloak," I commanded in rather peremptory tones.

"It was a beautiful cloak of blue silk, embroidered with peacocks in gold. It was a gift to me from a friend in China. No such cloak was ever made in this country. My son valued it highly."

"And he couldn't find it anywhere in the house, nor the police either?"

After a moment of silence I asked meaningly, "Where do you suppose the cloak is now, Sing Tung?"

For the first time his eyes showed change, and an expression of wrath or fear entered his immobile face. He was quiet for a moment and then added:

"It was a magic cloak, they say. My son believed it, but I do not. It was woven for one of our idols in China. There is a story that it shielded a pair of lovers from the vengeance of the authorities, and it was striped from the idol by profane hands, but its spell and magic lasted. Once on the shoulders of a lover, no harm could befall the wearer. It had the power of shielding."

"And spiriting away," I interrupted sarcastically.

The Chinaman's face showed sudden grief and sorrow.

"You do not believe it," he added slowly, "and you distrust me."

"No," I interrupted, "not you, Sing Tung, but your son. We must find the magic cloak, and then I think we'll find Miss Griswold."

"Yes; if you find the cloak Miss Griswold will be found too."

It was quite evident to me by this time that the old Chinaman was not concerned in the spiriting away of Helen Griswold, but in his desire to shield his son I thought he would go to any lengths to deceive me. The story of the magic cloak was intended merely as a blind.

The following morning an advertisement in the morning papers offering a reward for any one who could give information about a blue silk cloak with peacocks worked in gold on it brought me several replies. After an hour's study of these I sifted them down to one. This seemed genuine and the others "fakes."

Down by the water front on West street an old waterman assured me that on the night of the disappearance of Miss Griswold he had rowed a couple out to a small schooner yacht anchored in midstream and that one of them was partly concealed by a cloak of the description I gave. It was very dark, but the waterman saw the dangle of the gold embroidered peacocks in the moonlight.

"Did you get the name of the yacht?" I asked anxiously.

"No, but I heard one of 'em give the order to go up the East river through Hell Gate," was the reply.

With a fair description of the yacht, obtained from my informer, I lost no time in chartering a tug and sailing up the sound in pursuit of the elusive blue silk cloak.

Toward night I was considering the advisability of returning to the city when in the moonlight we discovered a boat in distress near one of the rocky islets which are sprinkled along the north shore of the sound. The boat had evidently run too close to the rocky islet, and it was stranded on it. In the darkness we could not make out the size or character of the craft, but when we hailed it a voice responded:

"Hello! Can you take us off? We've been shipwrecked two days here."

A small boat was rowed alongside of the stranded craft, and when, in company with one of the men

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MASS OF SORES

Awful Suffering of Little Boy
from an Itching Humour

CURED BY CUTICURA

Not One Square Inch of Skin on
His Whole Body Unaffected

"My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day."

ROBERT WATTAM, 4922 Center Ave., Chicago, Ill., Dec. 30,

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.
IN P. MANBORN, Editor and Manager.
Office Telephone 131
Home Telephone 1940

Saturday, November 11, 1905.

The Democratic party in Massachusetts succeeded in giving the Republican quite a severe, but the Republican candidates got there all the same. The majority was not large but it will answer.

Maryland went back on Boss Gorman in great shape. The State refused by an overwhelming majority to disfranchise the Negro. Gorman is now discredited politician and he had better retire.

The good roads and State armory bond bill went through with a good majority notwithstanding the Democratic opposition. These two great enterprises can now be carried to a successful conclusion.

To complete the fortification of the United States sea coast will cost \$16,000,000 under present plans. There has already been appropriated \$23,693,434. Estimates for fortification works for 1907 amount to \$11,424,153.

With only seven or eight Democrats in the State Senate and scarcely a dozen in the House, it does not look as though that party could be much of an obstruction to legislation next winter. There is no reason why the session cannot be a short one.

The Herald says it was Senator Wetmore's name that did it. Well, we think that helped. The day before election though, the Herald was sure the Republicans had made a great mistake by bringing his name into the local campaign.

The new era in Russia will be marked by a change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. The Academy of Sciences has already submitted a plan to shorten the Russian February, 1906, by thirteen days and to begin March 1 on the new style.

Providence, as well as Newport, has a Republican mayor, the first in many years. Ex-Gov. Dyer proved himself, as has always been the case, a strong vote getter. He will make a good mayor and we congratulate the people of Providence on their choice.

This State, we trust, has seen the last of Garvinism. It is time the Democrats put up some one who could do something else than about "fraud." Garvin has done more to bring this State into unenviable notoriety than any other living man.

The Employers' Association in Chicago proposes to establish a large employment bureau with branches in all parts of the country for the purpose of organizing the army of the unemployed for strike breaking purposes. The project will be brought up at the meeting of the Citizens' Industrial Association to be held in St. Louis next week.

The vote in New York shows the uncertainty of all things political, and shows, too, how thoughtless people are when they are exercising the privilege of the franchise. No one would have believed a month ago that a man like Hearst could come within three thousand votes of an election as mayor of New York, and that there is a bare possibility of his yet being declared elected. If by any chance he should be declared the successful candidate he will loom up as a formidable Presidential possibility three years hence.

Our Democratic friends have rejected the Constitutional amendment which proposed to enlarge the House of Representatives to 100 and give the city of Providence 25 of that number. They have done this nominally because it does not go far enough in changing the organic laws of the State. But in reality they don't want any amendments unless they can make them themselves and have them of a kind that will advantage the Democratic party. With the leaders of that party it is politics first, last and all the time. And it suits them much better to have something in an agitation than it would to have the accomplished fact. From present appearances it does not look as though they would get their new Constitution very soon. They cannot expect the General Assembly just elected to submit any such a proposition as they demand this winter. They must wait for another year at least. Suppose the General Assembly elected next year, which in all probability will not be the case, should submit the amendment authorizing the calling of a Constitutional Convention to the people, and suppose, too, the people should vote for it, it would take some years before the party could get the new Constitution which they are denouncing. If the amendment proposed by the Democrats should be submitted in 1908 (it cannot possibly be submitted sooner), and suppose the Legislature in 1909 confirms it, and the people in Nov., 1909, vote by a three-fifths majority in favor of calling such a convention, then the Legislature elected in 1910 might vote to call such a convention, and sometime in 1911 or 1912 their work might be submitted to the people for ratification. But at best our Constitutional Convention advocates have got many years before them in which they can agitate the matter before they can possibly get the new Constitution. They will have to make up their minds to be as happy as they can under the old one for quite a time yet.

The State Election.

The Republican party was uniformly successful throughout the State at the election on November 7, re-electing Governor Uter by a plurality much increased over that given him last year. Although Governor Uter ran behind the rest of the ticket, he received a large vote and defeated Dr. Garvin easily. All the other Republican nominees on the State ticket were elected and the General Assembly will again be overwhelmingly Republican. The proposition to issue bonds for the construction of State roads and to finish the new State armory was carried out the amendment to the Constitution was defeated, not having the necessary three-fifths, although it probably had a majority.

Complete returns from the first count of the ballots cast in all the 156 districts of this State on Tuesday show that for Governor, Uter, R., received 30,682; Garvin, D., 28,840; Helme, Pro., 819; Herrick, Soc. Lab., 348; Carpenter, Soc., 400.

Last year Uter's vote was 28,821; Garvin, 28,963; and the Prohibition, Socialist Labor and Socialist candidates had 1089, 487 and 748, respectively.

The total vote for Governor this year is, thus, 58,739, compared with 49,105 last year, and Governor Uter's plurality of 958 last year is increased to 4342 this year.

For Lieutenant-Governor 55,981 votes were cast this year, of which Jackson, R., received 31,048; Thurston, D., 24,179; Ralph, Pro., 964; Moran, Soc. Lab., 409; Higgins, Soc., 381. Jackson's plurality this year is 6969, last year it was 5596.

This year's vote for Secretary of State shows: Bennett, R., 32,437; Fitzsimmons, D., 22,900; Hobson, Pro., 862; Bowers, Soc. Lab., 402; Thomas, Soc., 376. Bennett's plurality this year is 9537; last year it was 13,872.

FOR GOVERNOR.

	Rep.	Dem.	Pro.	S.L.	Soc.
Barrington	521	415	21	5	4
Bristol	625	405	12	12	12
Burrillville	1010	1259	18	17	14
Central Falls	1472	1259	15	15	15
Charlestown	1071	1022	38	32	32
Covington	981	949	36	36	36
Cumberland	1247	1022	42	42	42
East Greenwich	101	33	1	1	1
East Providence	194	68	1	1	1
Exeter	385	89	16	16	16
Foster	194	68	1	1	1
Glocester	385	89	16	16	16
Hopkinton	194	68	1	1	1
Johnston	445	102	4	4	4
Lincoln	514	602	12	12	12
Little Compton	140	25	1	1	1
Middletown	138	56	1	1	1
Narragansett	244	260	10	10	10
Newport	175	23	3	3	3
North Kingstown	299	235	3	3	3
North Scituate	384	45	1	1	1
North Smithfield	168	107	2	2	2
Portsmouth	180	51	2	2	2
Providence	9659	841	221	172	183
Richmond	174	13	1	1	1
Scituate	175	23	3	3	3
South Kingstown	415	32	5	5	5
Tiverton	373	127	16	16	16
Warren	392	38	3	3	3
Westerly	1388	146	16	16	16
Westerly	743	40	3	3	3
W. Greenwich	84	4	1	1	1
Woonsocket	1621	1574	21	6	38
Total	38530	26173	801	245	400

Uter's plurality, 4334.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

	Rep.	Dem.	Pro.	S.L.	Soc.
Barrington	100	50	3	3	3
Bristol	533	50	27	41	4
Burrillville	949	1013	15	15	17
Central Falls	1190	1013	15	15	17
Charlestown	638	128	22	7	1
Charlestown	1038	501	38	5	81
Covington	1038	501	38	5	81
Cumberland	670	382	8	4	1
East Greenwich	101	33	1	1	1
East Providence	1299	467	24	6	14
Exeter	109	28	1	1	1
Hopkinton	197	79	1	1	1
Johnston	267	50	17	1	1
Jamestown	94	30	1	1	1
Lincoln	462	132	15	7	8
Little Compton	620	99	14	7	8
Middletown	144	18	1	1	1
Narragansett	161	45	4	1	1
Newport	2152	187	14	15	10
North Kingstown	138	207	24	4	2
North Scituate	170	149	4	1	1
North Smithfield	117	140	2	1	1
Portsmouth	3832	5136	65	65	53
Providence	10382	7728	274	197	199
Richmond	180	81	10	1	1
Scituate	187	37	4	1	1
South Kingstown	414	32	5	1	1
Tiverton	374	76	8	1	1
Warren	383	311	5	7	3
Westerly	1612	180	50	5	4
Westerly	929	326	18	4	4
W. Greenwich	84	4	1	1	1
Woonsocket	1582	1119	28	7	138
Total	31186	22704	861	402	378

Bennett's plurality, 9231.

NEW GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

	Senate—		House—	
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.
Barrington,	1	—	1	—
Bristol,	—	—	1	—
Burrillville,	—	1	—	1
Central Falls,	—	1	2	1
Charlestown,	1	—	1	—
Coventry,	1	—	1	—
Cumberland,	1	—	2	—
East Greenwich,	—	1	—	2
East Providence,	1	—	2	—
Exeter,	1	—	1	—
Foster,	1	—	1	—
Glocester,	1	—	1	—
Hopkinton,	1	—	1	—
Johnston,	1	—	1	—
Lincoln,	—	—	—	2
Little Compton,	1	—	—	—
Middletown,	1	—	1	—
Narragansett,	1	—	1	—
Newport,	1	—	4	—
North Kingstown,	1	—	1	—
North Providence,	1	—	1	—
North Smithfield,	1	—	1	—
Portsmouth,	1	—	7	—
Providence,	1	—	1	—
Richmond,	1	—	1	—
Scituate,	1	—	1	—
South Kingstown,	1	—	1	1
Tiverton,	—	—	1	—
Warren,	1	—	1	—
Westerly,	1	—	1	—
West Greenwich,	—	—	2	—
Woonsocket,	1	—	1	4

AMENDMENT.

	Approve.	Rejct.
Barrington	1	1
Bristol	1	1
Burrillville	1	1
Central Falls	1	1
Charlestown	1	1
Covington	1	1
Cumberland	1	1
East Greenwich	1	1
East Providence	1	1
Exeter	1	1
Foster	1	1
Glocester	1	1
Hopkinton	1	1

Jamestown	58	47
Johnston	200	101
Lincoln	100	100
Little Compton	22	22
Middletown	100	100
Narragansett	100	100
Newport	150	100
North Kingstown	100	100
North Smithfield	100	100
Portsmouth	100	100
Providence	100	100
Richmond	100	100
Scituate	100	100
South Kingstown	100	100
Tiverton	100	100
Warren	100	100
Westerly	100	100
W. Greenwich	100	100
Woonsocket	100	100
Total	2518	1679

Weather Bulletin.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 11, 1905.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross the continent Nov. 8 to 12, warm wave Nov. 7 to 11, cool wave 10 to 14. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 14, cross west of Rockies by close of 15, great central valleys 16 to 18, eastern states 19. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Nov. 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Nov. 17, great central valleys 19, eastern states 21.

This disturbance will bring the second series of severe November storms and winter-like weather. It will come with the first warm wave following the cold wave heretofore mentioned and temperatures will average below normal. Not far from 18 all weather features, wherever they may be all around the earth, will rapidly increase in intensity and speed, and severe storms followed by very cool weather, or cold waves, or blizzards, according to latitude of the high, may be expected.

Following this disturbance will come a period of fair weather lasting only a few days and bringing a touch of Indian summer. But during the days that will elapse around November 23, will come a disturbance of world wide note; mark this prediction. It will be an uncommon disturbance and will be discussed in our next bulletin.

Some precipitation is expected 12 to 16, earlier west, later east and then not much rain till cold wave that will come about November 30, to December 4. From November 11 to December 3, the trend of temperatures will be more downward than is usual, more than the normal, more than the season would indicate.

My October forecasts were about 70 per cent. good and 30 per cent. bad. Mr. E. R. East, New York city, who is a lawyer and interested in agriculture, says he has received responses from 600 weather-prophets in reply to his offer of \$100 for the best system of forecasting. They must be a cheap set if they can afford to give a new system of forecasting for that small amount of money.

Saturn and Mars will be in conjunction with the sun Dec. 2 and the moon will pass between them and the earth Dec. 2. The moon will pass between the earth and Jupiter Nov. 13, and the earth will pass between Jupiter and the sun Nov. 23. Mercury will pass between the earth and the sun Dec. 15.

Mars has 2 moons, Jupiter 5, Saturn 9, Uranus 4 and Neptune 2. Mercury keeps the same side to the sun and our moon the same side to the earth. All the others rotate on their axis as they revolve around the sun, or around their immediate superiors.

The sun rotates on its axis in about 26 days; Mercury revolves around the sun in about 88 days, Venus in about 225 days, Mars in about 22 months, Jupiter 11.8 years, Saturn 29.5 years, Uranus 84 years, Neptune 160 years. The day on Mars is about 24 of our hours. It is claimed that Jupiter's day is less than 10 hours. I doubt that claim.

Inspector of Nuisances.

The Inspector of Nuisances reports that during the month of October 509 inspections were made, divided as follows:

Premises where inside or non-freezing closets were found, 21; filthy premises, 1; foul odors from under shop, 1; defective plumbing, 1; no trap to sink, 1; defective water closet, 1; closets stopped up, and filthy, 1; no water for flushing closet, 2; waste pipe stopped up, 3; cleared, 3; stagnant water in cellar, 1; cleaned, 1; dirty yards, 6; cleaned, 3; slops thrown in yard, 2; urine and water from stable, 1; stables connected with sewer, 1; stables found clean, 57; nuisance from manure, 8; mixing soil and ashes, 1; condemned vaults where nothing had been done, 127; not filled, 13; filled, 7; condemned vaults, plumber at work, 3; vaults found clean, 10; half full or less, 20; full or overflowing, 6; inspections where typhoid fever was reported, 7; the unsanitary system of Smeed closets removed from St. Joseph's School and 10 modern closets put in; not classified, 10; swell complaints, 2; one sample of water sent to State Board of Health for analysis.

There is only one result of the election, says an exchange, that is unfavorable to business interests. The defeat of bossism in many parts of the country is certainly for their benefit. The verdict of the people has everywhere been heard in favor of a square deal, and a square deal is exactly what every legitimate business most desires. The one disappointing result is the close vote in the mayoralty contest in New York. Mr. Hearst came so close to election that there will always be many who will believe that he was unjustly and corruptly counted out. This will leave him in the position of a martyr, the victim of fraud. An agitator who can pose as a martyr to a cause is always dangerous. Mr. Hearst as mayor of New York would soon have demonstrated how powerless he was to put any of his theories into practice and to carry out any of his promises, but Mr. Hearst out of office, with the belief current that he was counted out, defrauded of his rights, may continue to be a factor in the political situation.

Official communications of the Russian government admit that the government officials encouraged the massacres but express a firm resolution henceforth to march in the way of progress. Count Witte declares that in every case where it was suspected that local agents had encouraged the massacres, a judicial investigation has been ordered.

The Republican party in Greater New York seems to have dwindled to small proportions. If the vote of its candidate for mayor is any evidence,

Washington Matters.

The Visit of Prince Louis of Battenberg—Plans for a Entertainment Contemplate a Lavish Programme—Lack of Engineers in the Navy—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 9, 1905.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, a rear Admiral in the British Navy, and related by marriage to the Royal family of England, arrived in Washington about noon Friday, having come from Annapolis by special train. He was met at the station by Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, and officials from the Navy Department. The entertainment of a Prince is a notable event socially for the Capital and when an English nobleman visits the country there is just a little more enthusiasm than for royal visitors of other countries. Englishmen, even when they are Princes, seem more like one's own family because of the cordial relations between the countries and the ability of all the parties to converse and understand each other greatly promotes the good feeling. Occasionally princes with unpronounceable names and flaked linguistic abilities descend on Washington and while there is just as much fringing of salutes and as many exchanges of visits and dinners and receptions, etc., there is decided air of weariness about the affairs in which the participants can only exchange smiles with the guest of honor. Prince Louis' appearance at Annapolis aroused enthusiasm. He is in appearance thoroughly princely but in manner and conversation he has the cordial air of trying to live it down. When he met Governor Warfield at Maryland at the door of the Executive Mansion the Governor was evidently undecided what to do with his right hand, but the Prince relieved all embarrassment by grasping and shaking it heartily. He won the hearts of the women assembled to receive him by asking to see the house and by taking interest in the furniture and the curtains and domestic arrangements which lie close to the feminine heart. He expressed his admiration of the house, saying, "It is so homelike and so cozy,—just the kind of a house I like to live in."

At the dinner given by Admiral Evans on board the Mayflower he was as democratic as "Fighting Bob" himself and entered into spirited conversation with all the officers near him. All this information preceded him to Washington and he was met with enthusiasm not only by his fellow countrymen from the Embassy but by the officers detailed to receive him and by the crowds that assembled on the streets to see him pass. Accompanied by the Ambassador he was driven at once to the British Embassy and took luncheon there with a small but distinguished party invited to meet him. At three o'clock dressed in the full regalia of an Admiral of the British Navy he visited the White House and was received by the President. He presented a personal letter to the President from King Edward and while, of course, its contents were not made public it is supposed the letter was one of congratulation on the success of the President in the recent peace negotiations between Russia and Japan. Assembled to meet him were besides the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks, the members of the Cabinet and their wives and a number of other distinguished persons.

The Prince was again a guest at the Embassy for a dinner which was followed by a reception and dance, the first important social event of the season and one of the most brilliant functions that has taken place in Washington. Several hundred invitations had been issued and all the prominent officials and diplomats with their wives and daughters were present. The officers of the two navies in full dress uniform and the diplomats in gold lace and brilliant colors mingled with the exquisitely dressed women whose gowns planned for the occasion have been the theme of dressmakers for a month past. The British Embassy, a stately brick residence on Connecticut avenue, was splendidly decorated for the occasion. At the head of the broad stairway the large portrait in oil of the late Queen Victoria was surrounded by flowers and the ballustrade was draped with vines and bunches of American Beauty roses. A part of the Marine Band furnished the music for the dances, and the Prince prevented all rage and heartburnings by promenading only with the wife of the British Ambassador and Mrs. Dewey.

The plans for the entertainment of the prince Saturday include a drive about the city in the morning and a luncheon at the New Willard Hotel by Lieutenant General Chaffee to which sixty guests have been invited. At three o'clock he will be driven to Fort Myer which is situated about two miles from the city and near the historic home of General Lee, known as Arlington. Here he will witness the cavalry drill which is one of the most entertaining sights the Capital furnishes. Exhibitions of riding which make the performances of Buffalo Bill's famous riders seem tame, are given there by the soldiers and an afternoon is all too short for witnessing the remarkable feats of horsemanship and the manipulation of field artillery by the troops. In the evening he will be entertained at dinner at the White House and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt who have the tact unknown since the days of Mrs. Cleveland making these formal affairs a pleasure instead of prolonged torture have invited many distinguished members of the official set here. Sunday the Prince will visit Mount Vernon and Monday will leave again for Annapolis, going later to New York where he will embark to his strenuous round of entertaining as during the three days here.

Rear Admiral Rae, engineer in chief of the United States Navy, has made a report in which he states that there is a deplorable lack of engineers in the navy, and that if we were to be plunged in war the navy "would find itself in no condition to win battles." "In these days," he says, "the man in the power room of a ship is as vitally necessary to a fleet in action as the man in the conning tower or the gun turret. Good gunnery or able strategy is of no value if the ship cannot be brought into line speedily and precisely." The accident on the Bennington was a shocking confirmation of the findings of the admiral. Of recent years and probably as a result of the defective personal bill the need of specially qualified engineers has been partially obscured or disregarded. Admiral Rae proposes a method by which engineers shall be supplied to the navy speedily and his or some other method must be applied at once and a competent corps of experts supplied, whether they rank in the line or are maintained as a separate staff that our ships may be made effective.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

DISTINCTIVELY A CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

It does not contain an atom of phosphoric acid (which is the product of bones digested in sulphuric acid) or of alum (which is one-third sulphuric acid) substances adopted for other baking powders because of their cheapness.

London special to the New York Sun

GUILD CHOSEN AS GOVERNOR

Draper Wins Second Place In
Bay State Election

TAMMANY GETS A JOLT

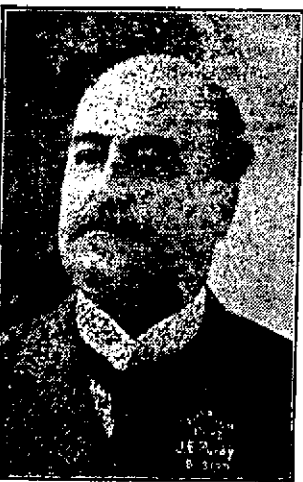
Succeeds in Landing McClellan
For Mayor, but Is Badly De-
feated by Jerome—Democrats
Secure a Victory in Ohio—Re-
formers Make Clean Sweep
in Philadelphia and Elect
State Treasurer—Republicans
Re-elect Utter in Rhode Island
—Maryland Defeats the Con-
stitutional Amendment

Boston, Nov. 7.—Massachusetts re-
turned to the Republican fold, electing
Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, Jr.,
of Boston, governor, and Eben S.
Draper of Hopedale lieutenant govern-
or, Guild's plurality over Charles W.
Bartlett of Boston was 23,116, out of a
total vote of 371,908, divided as fol-
lows: Guild, 197,512; Bartlett, 174,396.
Draper's plurality over Henry M.
Whitney of Brookline was 1906, out of
a total of 372,398, divided as follows:
Draper, 182,107; Whitney, 180,201.



CURTIS GUILD, JR.

The other state officers elected are:
Secretary of state, William M. Olin,
Lynn; treasurer, Arthur D. Chapin,
Holyoke; auditor, Henry E. Turner,
Malden; attorney general, Dana Ma-
lone, Greenfield.



EBEN S. DRAPER.

The closeness of the vote for Draper
and Whitney for lieutenant governor
was the principal feature of the elec-
tion. The first towns which reported
were nearly all in the southeastern part
of the state, and, while Bartlett fell
far behind the vote of Douglas last
year, and Guild gained steadily on his
Democratic opponent, Whitney clung
tenaciously to Draper, and at times,
during the tabulation, was ahead of
him in the totals.

Locally, the contest for district at-
torney was the feature, and a very un-
expected one. Michael J. Sughrue,
who was appointed last spring after
the death of Oliver Stevens, was en-
dorsed by both Democrats and Republi-
cans, while John B. Moran, a local
lawyer, obtained a place on the ticket
through individual endorsements. It
was expected that Sughrue would win
without difficulty, but Moran's short
but aggressive campaign gave him the
victory.

Another incident was the defeat in
the Seventeenth Suffolk representative
district of Thomas P. Curley, the
Democratic candidate who was dropped
from last year's house because of his
conviction in the United States court
for conspiracy in a civil service ex-
amination.

The Democrats made gains in both
branches of the legislature, three mem-
bers in the senate and one in the house.
The legislature of 1906 will stand as
follows: Senate: Republicans, 31;
Democrats, 9. House: Republicans,
160; Democrats, 70; Independent, 1.
Complete returns in Suffolk county
for district attorney give John B.
Moran (Citizen), 42,256; M. J. Sughrue
(Dem. and Rep.), 37,900, a plurality
for Moran of 4,356.

The issues of the campaign were na-
tional in character. The revision of
the tariff was the urgent plea of the
Democratic writers, who attacked the
attitude on the question of Senator
Lodge. The Republicans defended the
attack with great vigor and the returns
showed that a majority of the voters
were more convinced by their argu-
ments than by those of their opponents.

Still, Mr. Whitney, who worked as-
siduously for four weeks in support of
his reciprocity with Canada sentiments,
made a fine showing, and was beaten
by only a few thousand votes the re-

sult being in doubt until more than
half the state had been heard from.

McCLELLAN FOR MAYOR

But Tammany Gets a Jolt in
the Election of Jerome

New York, Nov. 8.—After a cam-
paign unusual for its public interest
and excitement, Tammany Hall met
defeat in its hard-fought efforts to
elect James W. Osborne to the district
attorneyship of New York county and
saved the majority of the city. So
close was the contest that up to mid-
night the result was not certain, but
at that time it was known that George
B. McClellan (Dem.) had been re-
elected mayor for a four years term
and that William T. Jerome, inde-
pendent, had been elected district at-
torney.



COLONEL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

The extent to which the Tammany
organization was shaken may be
judged from the fact that there was no
fusion of the opposition parties, the
means by which the organization has
been combatted heretofore, but that
Jerome, running as candidate of no
party and with his record in office as
his platform, succeeded in overcom-
ing the former prestige of the Demo-
cratic organization.



WILLIAM T. JEROME.

The successful ticket gives 12 votes
to the Democratic members of the
board of estimate and four to the op-
position. The board of estimate will
control the expenditure of \$300,000,000
the next four years.

REFORM'S CLEAN SWEEP

Landslide Throughout the Whi-
te State of Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Nov. 8.—Philadelphia
has been swept by the reform move-
ment, the city party ticket winning by
a surprisingly large plurality. While
complete returns have not been re-
ceived, enough is known of the result
to indicate the defeat of the Republi-
can local ticket by from 60,000 to 75,
000 plurality.

The victory of the city party carries
with it the election of W. H. Berry,
the Democratic and reform candidate
for state treasurer. J. L. Plummer,
the Republican candidate for that of-
fice, was badly cut throughout the city
and state and he has lost his own
county, which is usually Republican.
The result has every appearance of a
landslide for reform not only in Phila-
delphia, but throughout the state.

Returns thus far show that the Re-
publicans carried only a few wards and
these were held by narrow margins.
One year ago President Roosevelt car-
ried the city by 180,834 plurality.

Berry Elected by 100,000

Philadelphia, Nov. 9.—Complete re-
turns from nearly every county in
Pennsylvania show that William H.
Berry (Dem.) is elected state treasurer
over J. L. Plummer (Rep.) by about
100,000 plurality. Berry carried 53
of the 67 counties, including many of
which were heretofore strong Republi-
can.

UTTER RE-ELECTED

Rhode Island Gave Him Greater
Plurality Than Expected

Providence, Nov. 9.—Complete re-
turns received from the state election
show that the Republicans won a com-
plete victory, electing not only their
candidate for governor, George H. Utter,
but by a plurality of 4342 over L. F.
C. Garvin, the Democratic nominee,
but re-electing the present staff of state
officers, all of whom are Republican,
by larger margins than were given in
1904. Besides filling all the state of-
fices, the Republicans also secured the
election of overwhelming majorities in
each branch of the legislature.

A plurality of 1000 was the largest
looked for by Utter's most ardent sup-
porters, nor was Garvin expected to
drop so far below his vote last year.
Utter's running mate on the ticket also
got an abnormally large plurality.

THE OHIO LANDSLIDE

Democrats Elect Governor and
the Entire State Ticket
Columbus, O., Nov. 8.—That John M.

Pattison, Democrat, of Cincinnati has
been elected governor of Ohio for three
years by a plurality running above
40,000 over Governor Myron T. Her-
rick of Cleveland, Republican, is set-
tled, as also is the Democratic work-
ing majority in both houses of the state
legislature, but there is still some un-
certainty as to the rest of the state
ticket.

Earlier returns were apparently
from sections favorable to Herrick, for
he held a lead over the remainder of
the Republican ticket until fuller re-
turns from country regions cut into
Herrick's vote severely and by the re-
turns thus far Herrick seems to be
40,000 votes behind the rest of the Re-
publican ticket. If that difference re-
mains the victory for offices other than
governor will depend on the size of
Pattison's plurality, with the chances
in favor of the choice of the entire
Democratic roster.

Chairman Garber of the Democratic
committee figures pluralities for Pat-
tison that aggregate close to 55,000. If
these figures hold true, the entire
Democratic ticket is elected.

The Republicans have given out no
later estimates than those of Chairman
Dick, conceding the election of Pat-
tison by 25,000 plurality.

Republican estimates give the Demo-
crats from two to five majority in the
next senate and from 10 to 15 in the
house. The Democratic claim is a ma-
jority of five in the senate and of 27
in the house.

The Result in Maryland

Baltimore, Nov. 8.—Late returns dis-
sipate much of the doubt as to the re-
sult of the election in this city and
state. With a few precincts of one of
the usually Democratic counties yet to
hear from, the defeat of the proposed
suffrage restriction amendment to the
state constitution by 28,000 to 20,000 is
indicated. Atkinson (Dem.) is con-
ceded the state comptrollership. That
the lower house of the state legislature
will be Democratic is conceded by Re-
publican sources of information. The
Democrats will therefore elect the state
treasurer and the board of public works
will be Democratic.

Hearst Thinks He Was Cheated

New York, Nov. 10.—The contest
over the mayoralty election, inaugu-
rated by Mr. Hearst, the Municipal
Ownership candidate, has developed in-
teresting and spectacular features.
For 12 hours the nearly 600,000 bal-
lots cast in last Tuesday's election
choked the streets in the vicinity of
the headquarters of the board of elec-
tions. The ballot boxes had been gar-
dered during the night by the police and
conveyed in patrol wagons to the elec-
tion board's headquarters. Arriving
there the ballots were refused by the
officials. The police, acting under a
court order signed by Justice Gaynor,
compelling the police authorities to turn
the ballots over to the election board,
had nothing to do but remain outside
and await the pleasure of the election
officials.

Apprised of the situation, the at-
torneys for Hearst appeared before
Justice Dickey of the state supreme
court and secured from him an order
compelling President Voorhis of the
board of elections to accept the ballots.
The order was served promptly and
the ballots then were received for by
the election board. Under strong
guard, the patrol wagons containing
the several thousand boxes were
driven to various warehouses in this
city and Brooklyn, where the ballots
were stored subject to the orders of the
election board.

Another feature of the contest was
the announcement by the Citizens'
Union that it would join the forces in-
vestigating the charges of fraud and
wrongdoing at Tuesday's election, its
prime object being to secure a new elec-
tion law in the state of New York. At-
torney General Mayer said:

"District Attorney Jerome has placed
at my disposal the machinery of his
office and will co-operate with me in
every way, as I will with him, in the
prosecution of offenses against the
election franchise. Assistant District
Attorneys Perkins and Sanford are to
devote themselves to this work in con-
junction with Deputy Attorney Gen-
eral Mason and assistants."

To Ask For Recount

Boston, Nov. 9.—A recount of the
vote for lieutenant governor will be
asked for by the Democrats, through
the Democratic state committee. Can-
didate Henry M. Whitney and the com-
mittee believe that the closeness of
the vote demands it. This was decided
upon by the state committee, through
acting Chairman Lyman.

Tobacco For the Navy

Washington, Nov. 10.—Bids have
been opened at the navy department
for 160,000 pounds of tobacco, the an-
nual supply for the navy. Eight manu-
facturers entered into the com-
petition, submitting three or four
samples of each. The bids range from
31 to 40 cents a pound. The samples
have been sent by the navy depart-
ment to users of tobacco in the navy
for a practical test.

Miss Geary's Head Identified

Boston, Nov. 7.—The identification
of the head which was recovered in a
leather bag from the bottom of the
harbor as that of Miss Susanna A.
Geary has removed all doubt as to her
being the victim of the suit case
tragedy. The mother and sister of the
chorus girl, after nursing themselves
for the ordeal, declared the face to be
that of Susie.

"Dead Soldiers" From Maine

Saco, Me., Nov. 9.—S. M. Solmer, a
junk dealer of this city, says he pur-
chased in Saco and Biddeford and
shipped to Boston in October 2000 jugs
which had contained liquor. He esti-
mated at 7000 the total number of jugs
returned to Boston by freight and ex-
press from here last month.

Coachman Falls For Over \$85,000

Boston, Nov. 9.—J. J. Merrigan, who
states that he is a coachman living at
23 Harvard avenue, Brookline, has
filed a voluntary petition in bank-
ruptcy. His liabilities are scheduled at
\$85,514, and he has no assets. He took
oath that he was unable to pay the \$30
for filing the petition.

AID OF PRESIDENT

Jews Seek It In Effort to Check
Slaughter

28,000 KINSMEN KILLED

Sailors at Cronstadt Mutiny and
Are Joined by Artillerymen—
Czar and Witte Dismiss Tre-
poff and Azeze to Immediate
Universal Suffrage.

Washington, Nov. 10.—Simon Wolf
has sent the following appeal to Presi-
dent Roosevelt:

"The man that side-tracked pre-
cedents by ending the coal strike; the
man that conjured between Russia
and Japan and who has, in a hundred
ways, showed marvelous versatility
and courage, can he not take the initia-
tive and bring about concert of action
to stem the cruelties in Russia? How
long is this ghastly, fiendish holocaust
to continue?"

Mr. Wolf is now heading a move-
ment to raise funds for the relief of the
stricken Jews in Russia, pending any
action that may be taken by the United
States or other nations of the world.
He points out that 28,000 Jews have
been killed and 100,000 have been in-
jured during the recent massacres in
Russia.

"We have got to raise millions of
dollars in this country and Europe,"
said Wolf. "The situation is acute and
calls for our best and strongest efforts
to succor the persecuted Jews in the
land of the czar."

Collective Demonstration Injurious

Vienna, Nov. 10.—A delegation of
the Austrian Hefrow union visited
Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hun-
garian foreign minister, and asked him
to initiate a movement among civilized
nations and protest to the Russian
government against the recent anti-
Jewish outrages. The count prac-
tically declined to accede to the request
by pointing out the difficulties in the
path of a collective demonstration and
by saying it would probably have an
effect contrary to that desired.

THE CONSTADT MUTINY

Sailors and Soldiers United in
the General Disturbances

Cronstadt, Nov. 10.—During the riot-
ing here machine guns were employed
against the mutinous sailors who had
been joined by a battalion of artillery-
men from the fortress, increasing the
total number of mutineers to 3000. It
is difficult to ascertain the number of
casualties, but officers place the fig-
ures at 200. Many wounded persons
are in hospitals. The sailors say their
chief grievances are poor food and
clothing, and an insufficient amount of
liberty from barracks.

Roughs joined in the pillage, but the
workmen did not participate in it.
Many of the workmen and the civilian
population have either fled or are trying
to flee the city and the docks are
piled high with luggage and household
effects.

The city is full of reinforcements
from St. Petersburg and others are
still arriving. Order has been re-
stored. The fires are still glowing in
the market and another group of
buildings. The stores and houses are
boarded up and troops are patrolling
the streets.

Searchlights from warships and tor-
pedo boats in the harbor are flashing
across the waters in order to aid
lanterns in their search for individual
mutineers who are trying to escape to
the mainland by boat. Though a ma-
jority of the mutineers have sur-
rendered, several hundred are still hold-
ing out in the eastern section of the
town. They have thrown up barri-
cades, but are surrounded, and ma-
chine guns are posted at all the streets
leading to their stronghold. It is ex-
pected that the remainder of the mu-
tineers will submit today.

The outbreak started Wednesday af-
ternoon when the sailors of the "Sev-
enth fort equipage" revolted, and it
is rumored, killed some of their of-
ficers. They marched out of the bar-
racks and immediately plundered four
spirit shops. Crazed with liquor, they
returned and seized their arms, and
then went on the rampage, firing
promiscuously upon the troops and the
loyal sailors. Later they were joined
by many of their comrades and the
fighting continued from midnight until
yesterday morning, when the terror-
stricken inhabitants began to flee.

Several regiments with eight ma-
chine guns from St. Petersburg and
Oranienbaum were landed yesterday.

Prosecuting Cigaret Smokers

Laporte, Ind., Nov. 7.—The grand
jury of Marshall county has returned
six indictments against cigarette smok-
ers. Plymouth, the seat of Marshall
county, is the home of Senator Parks,
author of the anti-cigarette law, and he
will prosecute the offenders indicted
by the grand jury. Parks says the
crusade will be extended to every
county in the state.

Irvine Becomes a Priest

New York, Nov. 8.—With much
ceremony, Rev. Ingram N. W. Irvine
of Philadelphia, formerly the rector of
St. John's Episcopal church, Hunting-
ton, Pa., and unfrocked by Bishop Tal-
bot, was ordained as a priest of the
Holy Orthodox Greek church in Amer-
ica by Archbishop Tikhon, head of the
Russian church in this country.

Violated Naval Regulations

Annapolis, Md., Nov. 10.—Jollo C.
Palmer of Charlotte, Vt., aged 22, has
been dismissed from the naval academy
for marrying while on leave this sum-
mer. He offered his resignation, which
was rejected, as he had committed a
breach of regulations and he was dis-
missed by order of the secretary of the
navy.

Industrial Trust Company.

CAPITAL - - - - - \$3,000,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS OVER - - - - - \$4,400,000

PARTICIPATION (OR SAVINGS) ACCOUNT.

Money, deposited on or before Nov. 15th draw interest from Nov. 1st. Divi-
dends August and February.
This account is the Savings Bank Department of the Trust Company.
The rate of interest at present paid upon this account is four per cent.
The security given is the entire capital and surplus of the company in addition
to the invested funds of its depositors.

Office with the Newport Trust Company,
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The Mission of the Children.

Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but grown-up men and women, how we would long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good things, whose office is to turn the fathers' hearts to the children and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. A child softens and purifies the heart, warming it and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue; it is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart. They brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it were not embellished by little children.—Thomas Binney.

A Fall Stop.

A returned traveler who spent half of his holiday in a tour of Ireland brought back a sample of the happy-go-lucky wit of the Irish "jarvey" or driver. In a breakneck race down a hill he suddenly realized that the spirited little Irish mare was running away.

"Pull her up!" he shouted excitedly. "Hold tight, your honor," returned the jarvey easily.

"Pull her up!" again commanded the traveler, making a grab for the reins. "For your life don't touch the reins," the jarvey answered without tightening his grip. "Sure, they're as rotten as pears."

The traveler made ready to jump, but the jarvey laid a soothing hand on his shoulder.

"Sit easy," he said reassuringly. "I'll turn her into the river at the bridge below here. Sure, that'll stop her."

Clouds of Dragon Flies in Patagonia.

"A number of years ago," said a Californian man, "I was traveling in that desolate part of South America known as Patagonia, a region I do not care to visit a second time. Among its curious phenomena I distinctly remember the clouds of dragon flies which are to be seen on the barren plains. These insects fly before the strong winds that blow from the interior and rush through the air as though in terror of the gale which they precede. Nearly all are blue, but now and then one is seen of a brilliant scarlet color. You encounter a storm of these flies without any warning of their approach, the air a few feet above the ground being darkened by them, and men and horses in their path become absolutely covered with them. They are larger somewhat than the ordinary dragon fly, being about three inches in length."—Washington Post.

The Recession of Niagara Falls.

Horseshoe fall has receded more than 200 feet within the memory of living men and is now traveling toward Lake Erie at the rate of fully 500 feet a century. At present the crest of this fall, as its name implies, has the general outline of a horseshoe, and its length is about 3,000 feet, but if the present rate of erosion continues the length of the crest may reach 8,000 feet or more within the next half millennium. Now the Canadian end of the Horseshoe fall is a few rods upstream from the spot whence Table rock has fallen into the gorge, but the indications are that this end of the cataract will gradually retire toward the Dufferin islands, leaving a bare cliff as the apex cuts its way upstream.—Alton D. Adams in Scientific American.

Throwing the Dart in Cork Harbor.

The ancient civic ceremony known as throwing the dart is performed every third year, and it survives only in Cork. Proceeding to the mouth of the harbor, the lord mayor casts a silver dart into the sea and as he does so proclaims his jurisdiction as admiral of the port over the harbor and all its inlets and creeks. The naval authorities look on with unconcern, the ceremony having long ago lost its ancient significance. Throwing the dart is now merely the occasion for a civic outing.—London Mail.

A CRUSHED GENIUS.

The First Musical Efforts of the Composer Grieg.

One day—I must have been twelve or thirteen—I brought with me to school a music book on which I had written in large letters: "Variations on a German Melody for the Piano, by Edward Grieg; Opus 1." I wanted to show it to a schoolfellow who had taken some interest in me. But what happened? In the middle of the German lesson this same schoolfellow began to murmur some unintelligible words, which made the teacher call out half unwillingly: "What is the matter? What are you saying there?" Again a confused murmur, again a call from the teacher, and then he whispered, "Grieg has got something." "What does that mean, Grieg has got something?" "Grieg has composed something."

The teacher was not very partial to me, so he stood up, came to me, looked at the music book and said in a peculiar, frontal tone: "So the lad is musical; the lad composes. Remarkable!" Then he opened the door into the next classroom, fetched the teacher in from there and said to him: "Here is something to look at. This little urbin is a composer." Both teachers turned over the leaves of the music book with interest. Every one stood up in both classes. I felt sure of a grand success. But (that is what one should never feel too quickly, for the other teacher had no sooner gone away again than my master suddenly changed his tactics, seized me by the hair till my eyes were black and said gruffly, "Another time he will bring the German Dictionary with him, as is proper, and leave this stupid stuff at home."

Alas! To be so near the summit of fortune and then all at once to see oneself plunged into the depths! How often has that happened to me later in life!—Edward Grieg in Contemporary Review.

THE SPORTING WORLD

Great Baseball General.

Members of the baseball fraternity take off their new fall hats to Johnny McGraw, replete "Mugsy," the scrappy manager of the New York Nationals. Not satisfied with one pennant, McGraw is now practically assured of a second, for there is little chance that



JOHN ("MUGSY") MCGRAW.

the Pittsburgh Pirates, under Fred Clarke, can overhaul the champion Giants.

The success of the champions is due largely to the head work of McGraw, whose powers as a field general are unequaled in the national game. He is the greatest diamond strategist of the age, and that is saying a great deal when one considers such of McGraw's rivals as Frank Selee, Clarke and Joe Kelley.

To Purify College Athletics.

The colleges of the west are going to take a step forward in the purification of sport without regard to the general advance all over the country.

They have taken up the question of summer baseball with the consciousness that is befitting and have determined to fight out the issue this year. Many colleges both east and west have rules against summer baseball, which, however, amounts to nothing, because it is believed that the men have a right to play in the summer if they wish, provided that they do not take money for it.

The western colleges now propose to efface the sentimental attitude and to see to it that men who violate this rule, as long as it is a rule, shall be punished. With this end in view, members of the college conference faculty committee have been devoting their time to looking up the summer baseball situation. As a result, it is said upon good authority just about half the college baseball players of the big conference have fallen under the ban. Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Purdue, Northwestern, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri all have men whose names are to be reported and whose college athletic activity is thereby to be curtailed.

Kid Lavigne to Fight Again.

George Lavigne, the "Sagittaw Kid," former lightweight champion of the world, arrived in Detroit recently from Paris, where he has been for three years, conducting a school of boxing. He tells many funny tales of the French system of boxing with the feet and how the English and American system as taught by himself has caught on with the gay Parisians.

Lavigne is without doubt the greatest pugilist ever turned out from Michigan and is likewise one of the greatest ringsters that ever put on a padded mitt. He won the lightweight championship in 1895 and for a few years was the most successful boxer before the public. He looks like the same Kid, but he says he doesn't jolly himself into believing that he is as good as ever and all that sort of rot, although he has decided to fight again.

Baseball Managers.

Since Stanley Robison of the St. Louis Nationals has taken up the managerial reins he has come out in favor of bench managers as against the playing variety. He claims that the worry and anxiety of running a team must interfere greatly with a man's play and that a manager can handle a team much better when his mind does not have to be busied with his own work.

Oldfield's Racing Plan.

Barney Oldfield has suggested that the way to avoid accidents in track automobile racing is to start the men from opposite sides and to compel every club to oil the course before allowing the races to start. This was tried years ago. The trouble lies in the tremendous speed of cars, which is too great for circular courses.

Quakers Sign Ritchie.

The Philadelphia club has succeeded in signing Ritchie of Williamsport, Pa., the best pitcher in the Tri-State league and rated a sure corner. He hails from Ambler, Pa. His best point is his perfect control. He does not average a base on balls a game. He uses high speed and good variety of curves.

"By the way," said the tourist, as he seated himself on a salt barrel. "Who is the oldest settler in the neighborhood?"

"Well," drawled the village merchant, "I reckon St. Waller is 'bout the oldest. He's been 'tradin' with me nigh onto 50 years, an' he settles every pension day."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mrs. Newwood—I know now why they call 'em safety pins. Mrs. Oldwood—Why so. Mrs. Newwood—Baby swallowed one last week and I never hurt him a bit. —Northern Budget.

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Length of Wall Paper Mollie.

"Most persons have an idea that all pieces of wall paper are necessarily of one length," remarked a wall paper man. "Sometimes when I receive orders from a distance I wonder just what the patron is figuring on. He may get enough to paper two rooms, and he may get only half enough. Some figure over-optimistically and some over-generously. Our domestic papers run eight yards to the piece. Those from France and Germany measure nine yards, while the English make their rolls so lengthy that they contain quite twelve yards. Then, of course, there's the repeat. On some of the new papers with the smallest figures this is next to nothing, and on some others, notably a long tailed bird pattern, if a bit over the figure is required for each length it means a loss of five feet on every strip put on the wall."—Philadelphia Record.

A Hair Cut That Made War.

The cropping of the flowing locks and beard of Louis VII. of France brought on three centuries of bloodshed. The archbishop of Rome had decreed that the French king, as a penance, should shave and have his hair cut short. His appearance so startled and amused his spouse, Queen Eleanor, that she laughed aloud and began contemptuously to flirt with the Count of Anjou, afterward Henry II. of England. The shorn king stood the disgrace for a time, but at last sent evidence of his grievance to the pope and obtained a divorce. Eleanor then married Henry, and as her dowry the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne passed into his hands. Louis made hot attacks on Normandy, and devastating wars, which continued for some 300 years, were the consequence of this cropping of a monarch's head.

A Dead Beast of Vast Magnitude.

Olaus Magnus, bishop of Upsala, tells how a certain noble Englishman saw on Aug. 27, 1532, "a dead beast of vast magnitude" which had been cast up on the shore at Teignmouth. It was ninety feet long and twenty-five feet in thickness, and evidently a whale from the mention of its blowholes, and the fact that instead of teeth "there grew to his palate above 1,000 plates of horn, hairy on one side." The noble Englishman noted that it had "three bellies like vast caves and thirty throats, whereof five were very great." On Aug. 28, 1536, an Englishman with business instincts saw two fights of birds collide with such force near Preston that 180 of them fell to earth. He picked them up and sold them in Preston market forthwith.

Royal Women Gamblers.

Marie Antoinette was a slave to cards. On one occasion she played for thirty-six hours at a sitting, with but an intermission of a couple of hours.

"The play at the queen's table at Fontainebleau," wrote the Emperor Joseph II., "was like that in a common gambling house—people of all kinds were there and mingled without decorum. Great scandal was caused by the fact that several of the ladies cheated."

Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII.'s ill-fated queen, was never quite so happy as when playing for high stakes. The records of privy purse expenses are full of her winnings from her royal spouse, for she was a lucky player.—Chicago Journal.

The Kuklux Klan Ritual.

That only two copies of the Kuklux Klan ritual are known to exist is the statement of Thomas Dixon in the Metropolitan. One of them, he says, is in the library of Columbia college; the other is among the archives of Tennessee. It was the composition of General George W. Gordon of Memphis, and it began thus:

"This is an institution of chivalry, humanity, mercy and patriotism, embodying in its genius and its principles all that is chivalric in conduct, noble in sentiment, generous in manhood and patriotic in purpose."

Four Spiders to the Pound.

The lizard spider (Melus mygale) is the largest species of venomous spider known. He is of a bright yellow color with three red stripes on his back and a crescent of pure black on the abdomen. Full grown specimens of the lizard spider (so called because their chief food is small lizards, frogs, etc.) measure four inches across the back and have legs ten inches long. Four full grown males collected by a British exploring expedition weighed one pound four ounces. This giant of the spider family is a native of Ceylon.

To Please Him.

Mrs. Aseum—But why do you buy such expensive things when you know your husband can't afford them? Mrs. Wise—I just do it to please him. Mrs. Aseum—To please him? Mrs. Wise—Yes; there's nothing he likes better than a chance to have something to complain about to his own people and pose as a martyr.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sincere Admiration.

"Why do you insist on keeping a parrot?" "Because," answered the lonely man, "I like to hear it talk. The parrot is the only creature gifted with the power of speech that is content to repeat just what it hears without trying to make a good story of it."—Washington Star.

A Lesson Matrimonial.

See the bride. Why does the bride look puzzled? Because hubby-for-got to kiss her before he went to business. See the matron. Why does the matron look puzzled? Because hubby-for-got to kiss her before he went to business. Is this not a queer world?—New York Tribune.

The Other Side.

Crawford—The doctors claim we die before our time from eating too much. Crabshaw—Still the people who never get enough to eat don't seem to live as long.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

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FOILED.

"Ruth Ellerslie is a coarse, daunting widow," said Cora Blynn to her brother Harold, "and all her object in life is to get a husband." "Cora, I would prefer to avoid all discussion on the subject." "But, Harold, Lily Brooke says Mrs. Ellerslie is entirely made up of artificiality, paint, powder and—"

"Cora!" The girl stopped abruptly at the stern tone of her brother.

"I am afraid she is right, my son," said Mrs. Blynn gravely. "Mamma," said Cora, leaning her head on her mother's shoulder, "do you think he will marry Mrs. Ellerslie?" "I do not know, my dear. I hope not."

"He is going to Colonel Egerton's visiting next week, you know, and, mamma, Ruth Ellerslie is to be there too."

"How do you know, Cora?" "Mrs. Egerton herself told me so." "My dear, Mrs. Ellerslie is Colonel Egerton's penniless sister. When she is well married a drain is withdrawn from the colonel's purse."

"Love is blind, they say, and I suppose poor, dear Harold must be in love," sighed little Cora as she went to feed her canary bird and water the plants in the bay window.

Meanwhile Mr. Harold Blynn, spurred on, as is the usual result, by opposition, strode along the street muttering to himself poetical mottoes expressive of the utmost fidelity to his ladylove.

"Poor, dear little Ruth," he thought. "It must be hard to be maligned by those of her own sex, who should respect her artless ingenuousness more. I must not permit this longer. It will be a good opportunity at Egerton Park to offer her the lifelong protection of my love, name and fortune."

Thus Mr. Blynn walked with the most blindest infatuation, after the manner of men, into the matrimonial trap so neatly baited for him by the fair Widow Ellerslie and her designing relatives at Egerton Park.

"Blynn, my dear fellow, is that you?" cordially exclaimed Colonel Egerton, pressing both his hands. "Just in time to dress for dinner. Entre nous, Ruth has been looking at her watch all the afternoon. Ah, you're a lucky dog, Blynn! Of course you want to go directly up to your room. Thomas! Stephens! Where are the servants? But it's of no consequence. Your room is at the head of the second flight of stairs, first door to the left. There is a fire there, and I hope you'll be comfortable."

"Thank you, colonel." What fateful impulse led him, all unconscious of the error he was making, to the first door on the right instead of on the left? Perhaps it was chance—perhaps it was the guiding hand of an angel. Let philosophers decide that question. At all events, our hero did walk into the wrong room as coolly and deliberately as can well be imagined.

A bright fire was crackling in the apartment; two lamps, with shades of ground glass, burned like globes of pearl before the dressing glass.

"This is comfortable," quoth our friend to himself as he walked forward, depositing his valise on one of the chairs.

Was that a woman's scarp on the table before him? No; only a string of Grecian curls, bristling with hairpins, with a glossy, artificial braid lying beside it, a set of false teeth gleaming ghastly in a tumbler of water and two saucers, one of rosy rouge, the other some white, pasty enamel, flanking the hideous display.

"By Jove, I've made a mistake!" ejaculated Mr. Harold Blynn, catching up his valise to depart. But he was stopped by a shriek and a female figure simultaneously issued.

The former issued from the latter and the latter from the apartment beyond, carrying a pair of curling tongs in her hands.

Venus and the three graces! Could that yellow, shriveled creature in the white dressing gown and the thin hair twisted in an infinitesimal knot at the back of the head be Ruth Ellerslie? It was!

They recognized each other in that brief glance. Then Harold Blynn rushed out of the apartment like one possessed, and Mrs. Ellerslie, dropping on the chintz covered sofa, went into hysterics.

Late that evening Harold entered his mother's parlor. Cora jumped up with beaming face.

"Why, Harold, I thought you were at Egerton Park, making love to Mrs. Ellerslie!"

Harold screwed up his features in a most dismal grimace.

"Mrs. Ellerslie, indeed! I'd as soon make love to the witch of Endor!"

And he told his adventure of the twilight.

"My son, you have had a very narrow escape," said Mrs. Blynn, smiling in spite of herself.

"You have, Harold. We told you so," said Cora.

"Yes, I know. But I was foolish and didn't believe you. Now I am pretty well convinced. The Ellerslies' little plot has failed!"

"And you are all my own darling brother once more again!" coaxed Cora. While at Egerton Park the disappointed colonel came to the conclusion that his plans for getting his widowed sister off were "no go."—New York News.

No Intentional Display.

Miss Wytheropp—Mr Newcome remarked to you that I didn't show my age, didn't he?

Miss Knox—Not exactly. He said you were careful to conceal it.—Philadelphia Press.

Scraps of News.

Student—For this insult I challenge you to pistol! Commercial Traveler—All right, but first you will have to take out a shooting license, for my name is Hare.—London Punch.

If thou hast a kiltering servant send him of thy errand just before his dinner.—Pallor.

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Neighbor—How did your daughter's marriage with that count turn out? Mrs. Brecknow—Her last letter states that he has spent all her money, and she is taking in washing; but, then, I presume, she washes only for the nobility.

"Has he changed his style of living much since he inherited this vast wealth?" "No; simply changed from second-hand clothes to second-hand dishes and furniture."—Life.

All boys think they will be richer than their fathers, and all girls think they can keep house better than their mothers. They continue to think this until they are fathers and mothers themselves.

"I know why the elephant always wags his trunk that way, mamma." "Why, dear?" "Because he hasn't got a tail that will make a wag big enough for his size."—The Tatler.

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& Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all points may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after Oct. 8, 1905, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6:54, 8:10, 9:00, 11:04 a. m., 1:10, 3:10, 5:10 p. m. Return 8:27, 9:55, 10:50 a. m., 12:50, 2:50, 3:50, 4:50, 6:50 p. m. WASHINGTON and PORTSMOUTH, 6:54, 8:10, 11:04 a. m., 1:10, 3:10, 5:10 p. m. HEADPORT and COREY'S LAKE (one stop), 6:54, 8:10, 11:04 a. m., 1:10, 3:10, 5:10 p. m. FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6:54, 8:10, 9:00, 11:04 a. m., 1:10, 3:10, 5:10 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 11:04 a. m., 1:10 p. m. HYANIS, 11:04 a. m., 3:10 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 8:10 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 11:04 a. m., 3:10 p. m., 5:10 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Taunton Division, 8:10, 11:04 a. m., 3:10 p. m. B. Lowell, 11:04 a. m., 3:10 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 11:04 a. m., 3:10 p. m. CORTEZ, 11:04 a. m., 3:10 p. m. FALL RIVER and Taunton, 7:02, 8:10, 9:00, 11:04 a. m., 1:10, 3:10, 5:10 p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7:02, 11:00 a. m., 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 p. m. Return 8:27, 9:50 a. m., 4:57, 6:55 p. m. For Providence (via Fall River and Taunton), 7:02, 11:00 a. m., 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 p. m. For Braintree and Corey's Lake, 7:02, 11:00 a. m., 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 p. m. For Middleboro, Taunton, Bristol Ferry, Taunton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, West Greenwich and Taunton, 7:02, 11:00 a. m., 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 p. m. New Bedford 7:02, 11:00 a. m., 8:00 p. m.

From Fall River, A. C. KENDALL, Agent, Pass. Agt. O. M. SHEPARD, Gen'l Supt.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

TIME TABLE.

In effect on and after September 21, 1905.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE NEWPORT—6:50, 7:30, 8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 11:30 a. m., 12:10, 12:50, 1:30, 2:10, 2:50, 3:30, 4:10, 4:50, 5:30, 6:10, 6:50, 7:30, 8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 11:30 p. m.

LEAVE FALL RIVER—6:10, 6:50, 7:30, 8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 11:30 a. m., 12:10, 12:50, 1:30, 2:10, 2:50, 3:30, 4:10, 4:50, 5:30, 6:10, 6:50, 7:30, 8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 11:30 p. m. (Saturdays 10:30 p. m., all 10 p. m.)

SUNDAYS.

Leave Newport—8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 10:50, 11:30 a. m., 12:10, 12:50, 1:30, 2:10, 2:50, 3:30, 4:10, 4:50, 5:30, 6:10, 6:50, 7:30, 8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 11:30 p. m.

Leave Fall River—6:30, 7:10, 7:50, 8:30, 9:10, 9:50, 10:30, 11:10, 11:50 a. m., 12:30, 1:10, 1:50, 2:30, 3:10, 3:50, 4:30, 5:10, 5:50, 6:30, 7:10, 7:50, 8:30, 9:10, 9:50, 10:30, 11:10, 11:50 p. m.

For Portland Car Barn only. No Store Bridge only. Or at close of Theatre. Subject to change without notice.

Some Rare Woods.

Old and well-seasoned oak is hard to get and harder to work.

There is no great quantity of old oak furniture in the market, and old pieces that would supply large enough lumber for important work are seldom found. New kiln dried oak is uncertain, being liable to warp and crack.

Paneled articles can be made of such material with some safety, but large solid articles are likely to give a bad account of themselves at the end of a winter in a steam-heated house.

Rosewood, also, the best cabinet makers distrust. This wood has a peculiar quality that makes it unsafe when glued. For this reason rosewood is used chiefly as a veneer. Thin sheets lose much of their oil and take glue satisfactorily.

Native walnut is no longer a favorite with the cabinet makers. This wood was in effect exhausted a quarter of a century ago or more, and is now as expensive as mahogany and by no means so beautiful.

Chestnut is a good deal prized, not for furniture, but for wallcovering and for doors. It is sometimes put up in the rough with good effect, and sometimes oiled and polished when it is remarkably beautiful considering the cost. Gulf cypress is used with great effect in like fashion, and when filled and oiled it makes one of the most beautiful woods for inexpensive interior decoration.

Cherry was the old substitute for mahogany, and is still a favorite wood with the furniture makers. It is, however, not easily obtained in a properly seasoned condition, for the proper seasoning makes it expensive.

The fact is that with cherry, as with oak and mahogany, the seasoning is an important element of cost. The cabinet maker who must sink his capital for two or three years in wood that is undergoing the process of seasoning, finds it hard to compete with those who use kiln dried material.

Mahogany is the favorite wood with the best cabinet maker. There is a vast amount of seasoned mahogany to be had from ruinous old articles made in the last century, when the rage for mahogany was well developed; and while the new mahogany is less beautiful than the old, purchasers of furniture seem to have learned that it is worth while to have the new wood well seasoned. —Chicago Journal.

Altruism.

Alfred H. Love of Philadelphia, president of the Universal Peace Union, was talking on the topic, peculiarly congenial to him, of kindness. Said he:

"I once knew a remarkably kind boy. He was a great angler. There was a trout stream in his neighborhood that ran through a rich man's estate. Permits to fish the stream could now and then be obtained, and the boy was lucky enough to have a permit.

"One day he was fishing with another boy, when a gamekeeper suddenly darted forth from a thicket. The lad with the permit uttered a cry of fright, dropped his rod, and ran off at top speed. The gamekeeper pursued.

"For about a half mile the gamekeeper was led a swift and difficult chase. Then, worn out, the boy halted. The man seized him by the arm, and said, between parts:

"Have you a permit to fish on this estate?"

"Yes, to be sure," said the boy quietly.

"You have? Then show it to me," the boy drew the permit from his pocket. The man examined it and looked in perplexity and anger.

"Why did you run when you had this permit?" he asked.

"To let the other boy get away," was the reply. "He didn't have one!" —Harper's Weekly.

The Disappointed Suitor.

Admiral Evans, at a dinner at Narragansett Pier, said, apropos of disappointment:

"A young planter whom I knew in my youth in Virginia was in love with a girl of great beauty. She had many suitors, and to all of them she was more partial than to my friend. But he, though snubbed continually, remained faithful.

"One Sunday evening when he called the girl's little brother admitted him. The youngster led him into the parlor, went upstairs to announce his name, and then, returning, said:

"Sit down, Mr. Sparker. She will see you in a few minutes."

"Sparker said, in a relieved and cheerful voice:

"I am glad of that. I was afraid she might ask to be excused, as she has done so often before."

"No fear of that this time. I played a trick on her," said the little brother.

"How was that?" Sparker asked.

"Why," said the lad, "I pretended you were some one else."

An Irishman's Reason.

Sheridan Le Fanu once asked an Irishman what was the English of "Carrigtohilly."

"I never heard any English or Irish name upon it, only 'Carrigtohilly' alone," was the reply.

"I know," said Le Fanu, "it has no other name, but I want to know the meaning of the name."

"Well, now, your honor," he replied, "I never heard any meaning for it only 'Carrigtohilly' alone."

"I know 'carrig' means a dock," persisted Le Fanu, "but what does 'tohilly' mean?"

"Well, now, your honor, it's what I can't tell you why it's called 'Carrigtohilly,' unless it's because Mr. Coppinger lives below there in Barry's court."

Young Roller—I think I'll spend that money I saved up. I've been thinking of a trip to England.

His Mother—But you were to save that for a rainy day.

Young Roller—Well, I'm going to London. I'll be sure to find a rainy day there. —Philadelphia Press.

"What a beautiful home you have!" said the old time friend.

"You mustn't let mother and the girls hear you speak of it so patronizingly," answered Mr. Cumrox. "This ain't a home; this is a residence." —Washington Star.

He—Arctic explorers are the smart men in the world to trust yourself to.

She—Why not? He—They are always cool in the time of greatest danger.

Keys of bronze and iron have been found in Greece and Italy dating from at least the seventh century before Christ.

The strongest minded woman must face the fact that she is of the same race as man. —London Globe.

A Quizzing Game.

The Robbin-children always had a game before they went to bed. The one the children liked best of all just at present was called "quizzing things." Sometimes the article selected was cloth; then they would name all the things they could think of that were made of cloth. Then there would be a gold night, a silver night, a brass night, and now they were having a wood night. The game was at its height. Nearly everything wooden from a table to a toothpick had been mentioned, and still they did not want to give up—they never wanted to. There was always the plea, "Just one more, mother—only, please!"

Baby Rosalie was asleep in mother's arms, Genevieve's blue eyes were slowly closing, and Arthur's were raving, trying to spy some wooden object that had not yet been mentioned.

"This must surely be the last one," mother was saying just as Uncle Dick popped his head in at the door.

"Come in, Uncle Dick!" invited Marion and Grace and Harold.

"Tell us something very strange that is made of wood, Uncle Dick; we've used up all the usual things," said Harold.

"Perhaps you have not thought to mention this," remarked Uncle Dick, as he took the evening paper out of his pocket and unfolded it.

"A newspaper made of wood! The idea!" Marion gave her curly head a toss which said, plainer than words, "I don't believe it!"

"I will venture to say that no one has touched the inner pages of this paper since the material of which it was made was a tree standing in some Canadian forest," Uncle Dick went on, as he spread the open paper upon his knee.

Then the children gathered around him, eager to hear what more could be said about "newspaper trees."

Uncle Dick told them how the great logs are cut into small pieces by machinery, then dumped into another machine containing chemicals which converted them into pulp, and from there into great tubs in the paper mill, and then into several other machines which transform the pulp into huge rolls of paper. When these rolls are placed on presses and printed, the newspaper is made.

"We never should have thought of that by ourselves, should we, mother?" Harold exclaimed, when the game was over.

"No," answered his mother. "I think we shall have to ask Uncle Dick to join our games group."

"Will you, Uncle Dick? Will you?" chorused four eager voices.

And Uncle Dick has promised to do so. —Helen A. Remondou, in Sunday School Times.

How John Hay Regarded Critics.

John Hay was chatting about his literary experiences with an intimate friend when the latter asked:

"John, what feature of phase of this writing business has impressed you the most?"

"Well," was the reply, and the speaker's eyes twinkled mischievously, "so far as I am concerned, it's the things that the critics fish out of a fellow's printed stuff that he never put there. But I suppose that critics, like the rest of us, have to show excuses for living." —Success Magazine.

Mixed Dates.

Four-year-old Sarah had two uncles (living out of town) who were about to be married.

"So you are going to your uncles' weddings, dear? And where will they be married?" asked an interested friend of the family.

"One is going to be married in Washington," answered the child, "and the other in January." —Lippincott's.

The Rooster.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"A rooster always sleeps standing up, doesn't he?"

"Yes, my son."

"And a rooster always wakes up early in the morning, doesn't he, Pop?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Well, say, Pop, do they sleep standing up so they won't oversleep themselves in the morning?"

During the Civil War, the late Col. Gabe Bouck organized a regiment which he controlled as a director. It was while the army was resting after Colonel Gabe's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe" as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?"

"I am an humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the—th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into the paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Col. Bouck, after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No d— Massachusetts regiment shall beat me for piety."

One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Ga. Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidently an alphoid, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds its way to the Atlantic ocean. Of course, it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country and appears even more remarkable than the geysers of the Yellowstone.

Telescope Proprietor—Step up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. One penny, ma.

Old Lady—Oh, lor! Hain't it round and smooth?

Telescope Proprietor—Will the bald-headed gent please step away from the front of the instrument? —Tit-Bits.

"This flower is strictly up to date," said the doria.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the prospective customer.

"Why," he explained, "it was obtained by grafting." —Detroit Free Press.

"Bragg tells me he got mixed up in a scrap yesterday."

"Did he get the best of it?"

"Of course; otherwise he wouldn't have said anything about it." —Philadelphia Press.

"That watch he carries was his great-grandfather's."

"Indeed! His great-grandfather's. I know I've often seen it at his uncle's."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Governor's Son, An Election Episode.

"Spatter!" father was to deliver a stump speech at San Diego in his own behalf as a candidate for Governor of California. While practicing the speech, mounted on a hoghead, he fell in and broke his leg.

Spatter had been a rapt listener to his father's eloquence and in the evening the little boy appeared before the meeting to deliver the speech from memory.

"Gentlemen, I know the speech and it's a corker. This is it: Friends, San Diego, behind us! The past, before us! The future, ahead! His freckled little right hand stretched to the future while the left pushed back the past. 'It has been said that we shall reap as we have sown; in many cases, therefore, we must reap the fruit of poisonous seeds. But each year brings its new sowing; what do we now choose to sow?'

"The crowd was surging towards the platform in its enthusiasm, but Gary and Bill held it back and motioned to the child to proceed.

"The choice is worthy of consideration," the speech flowed on, every word, every gesture as he had heard and seen. "The whole country will hail the day," he cried, and finally, "Arise, San Diego; I stand here before you to emphasize—to emphasize—"

"He turned cold with fear. He could not remember what came next. He struck the platform savagely with his right foot, struck it over and over, but the gesture did not bring the words. Then he remembered why. 'Oh, I didn't hear no more,' he said, forgetting the paternal warning. 'That was where dad fell into the hoghead.' Big tears began to streak his cheeks. 'Oh, if I could only say the rest I could make you vote for us sure,' he burst out, 'but won't you do it anyway? I'll be an all right Governor's son and he'll make the best Governor you ever had 'cause he's an A Number one Dad.' —Sarah Cusack, in Lippincott's.

The late bishop Peck of the Methodist Episcopal church, while presiding at a New Hampshire conference, was entertained by a Mrs. Brown, who had a high reputation as a cook. She was especially famous for her mince pies, and at supper the bishop, who weighed three hundred pounds, at first declined a second help of mince pie.

"I know some mince pies are indigestible, but mine are quite harmless," said Mrs. Brown. So the bishop yielded and had a second and then a third helping.

Evening came, and the large church was packed with people. The choir sang, and the preliminary services were well started, but no bishop. Then two or three went out to look for the absent gentleman.

They found him in Mrs. Brown's kitchen in the agonies of indigestion. One of the ministers said:

"Way, bishop Peck, you are not afraid to die, are you?"

"No," replied the bishop, between groans. "I am not afraid to die, but I am ashamed to." —Denver Times.

She had had a quarrel with her best young man and in winding up the affair wrote him a letter which called for a reply. After he had abused himself on paper she intended to forgive him, but the reply had not come at once she retired to her room for the usual feminine cry. Presently the bell rang, and as she was enjoying her night, she dried her hair in a hurry, and opened the door. There stood the young man.

"Come in," she said rather ungraciously, thinking that she could not be very dignified under the circumstances.

"I wasn't looking for you," with the air of the "you."

"Oh, I thought I'd come instead of writing and save a stamp. You're always telling me to practice economy."

As this was true, she had to forgive him. —New York Press.

There had been a brilliant company at the home of a society lady, a woman whose husband, while a very worthy man, was noted rather for his wealth than for his mental attainments.

"Well, John," she said after the last visitor had gone and they had sat down to talk it over. "It was a complete success, wasn't it?"

"That's so," replied her husband, with a satisfied smile of his head.

"Did you notice professor Muchman?" she inquired after a pause.

"He was the man with the bandage round his neck, wasn't he?"

"Yes. You heard him talk, didn't you?"

"What an astonishing vocabulary he had!"

"Well, that may be what it is," said John doubtfully, "but from the way he held his head I should judge it was a carbuncle." —London Mail.

Charles Mathews, one day previous to the period of his publicly proclaimed bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The waiters were washed down by some rare cherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money."

"It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug. "You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested. "Oh, no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond street!" "But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment. "I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

Kwoter—You know they say, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Grumbler—Yes, but most of us continue to be poor relations. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Most Americans eat too fast and too much, but the grocer and the butcher aren't the ones that are calling attention to the evil. —Somerville Journal.

"Was she so positive in her refusal?"

"Well, it was a decided negative." —Baltimore American.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Every one has an excuse for drinking. None of them is good.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Balastrone Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

How many people are you "comfortable" with? Not very many probably.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned pills and are so constipated that purging yourself will you are weak and sick (not good common sense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills and learn how easy it is to be free from Bile, Headache, Constipation, and all Liver troubles. These pills are smaller, easier to take and give quicker relief than any pill in use. Use a dose. Price 25 cents.

Women's Dep't.

Demands of Civilization.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's Church, New York, calls attention to the many reasons why women should receive the ballot. He says:

"Whether we greet it with dismay or hopefulness, one of the results of our civilization is that legislation is entering on spheres which are peculiarly woman's. Once upon a time legislation chiefly had to do with protection of property. Now we legislate about houses, sanitary questions, education, relations to labor and capital, licensing questions, the drink trade, etc., all moral questions that in the most intimate way affect the home as well as the outside interests of life, and questions on which woman is not only a judge, but decidedly the best judge. It is most unreasonable and unfair that in these questions where experience is vital, and all her tenderest interests are immediately affected, her influence should be confined to an indirect influence, and her vote, if recorded at all, only recorded through pressure on her husband or her sons."

"Life has a way of outgrowing law in this world; and when it does, law must fit itself to life. We legislate on a hundred things our fathers never dreamed of legislating for."

To-day the life of our women has grown wider, has led them up to this point where they come asking the suffrage, and neither common sense nor the interests of the nation will permit its being refused to them.

Politics and political science must soon be seen as they are—a living and ennobling effort to carry into the life of mankind principles of highest morality, and so to raise and keep aloft men's lives as well as to defend men's pockets."

"In bringing about this better view and better day, I am very sure the morality and idealism of American womanhood must find its place. And so, for my part, I have done and will do what I believe to be for the womanhood of our nation a voice in its fateful councils."

Man and Woman Together Constitute a Complete Being.

BY MRS. W. W. TRIMBLE.

However generous men may be in their feelings towards women, in legislation and in every other thing, their ideas are all in masculine and their efforts are all directed with masculine ideals. It is an impossibility of nature that it could be otherwise. Man alone can no more found a State than man alone can found a family. He has tried for thousands of years to achieve the former and has always failed. If he were less vain these failures would convince him of the errors of his ways. "Man and woman only jointly constitute the complete being" and as physiologically so in every other thing, man alone is incomplete and his efforts lead to ineffectiveness.

So long as the Republic of the United States denies representation to one half of its people, none can regard it as worthy of prescribing a remedy for social ills, or as being consistent in demanding that other governments live up to their promises, while it, itself, violates the very promises upon which it is founded and based.

Alien influence must be off-set by American Womanhood.

When the Puritans, the Huguenots, the Quakers and other early Colonists raised the standard of liberty on American soil, it is doubtful if they had any conception of the reflex influence of that action on the old-world peoples, or realized that the principles they stood for (as later embodied in the Constitution of the United States) would attract to these shores such diverse elements.

That the class of latter-day immigrants differ widely from those of the early days of the Republic, and that in 1905 there were 857,040 immigrants mostly from Southern Europe and Asia against 4,000 in 1794, mostly from Great Britain and Northern Europe, only puts the present civilization on its mettle to convert these shiploads of poor, illiterate, half-fed creatures into self-supporting, self-respecting beings that shall bear some resemblance to their Maker.

And how is this to be brought about? Where is the reserve material which is to balance up his lack of comprehension of distorted ideas of liberty on the part of the newly naturalized citizen? American women, toiling laborers in every war, every pestilence and disaster that has swept the land, and they have waited for all the convicts to be pardoned and re-enfranchised, for the negro to be raised to citizenship, for the foreigner to be endowed with the ballot, and various international squabbles to be adjusted, and now is the accepted time to come into their heritage of citizenship. It has been a problem in the past, it is a problem to-day. Teach and help the peasant immigrants from Europe to become self-governing, how much greater problem to inculcate Christian ideals of government in the Asiatic immigrants ready in millions of whom landed in this country within the past. It is this American womanhood had the ballot to off-set this alien influence at our polls. —Iva G. Wooden.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup has been used by mothers for their children's sore throats for over sixty years.

It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all cases of sore throat, whether it be caused by cold, inflammation, or any other cause. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all cases of sore throat, whether it be caused by cold, inflammation, or any other cause.

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Some Rare Woods.

Old and well-seasoned oak is hard to get and harder to work. There is no great quantity of old oak lumber in the market, and old pieces that would supply large enough lumber for important work are seldom found. New kiln dried oak is uncertain, being liable to warp and crack.

Panelled articles can be made of such material with some safety, but large solid articles are likely to give a bad account of themselves at the end of a winter in a steam-heated house.

Rosewood, also, the best cabinet maker's material. This wood has a peculiar oily quality that makes it unworkable when glued. For this reason rosewood is used chiefly as a veneer. Thin sheets lose much of their oil and take glue satisfactorily.

Native walnut is no longer a favorite with the cabinet maker. This wood was in effect exhausted a quarter of a century ago or more, and is now as expensive as mahogany and by no means so beautiful.

Chestnut is a good deal prized, not for furniture, but for wall-covering and for doors. It is sometimes put up in the rough with good effect, and sometimes oiled and polished when it is remarkably beautiful considering the cost.

Gulf cypress is used with great effect in like fashion, and when filled and oiled it makes one of the most beautiful woods for inexpensive interior decoration.

Cherry was the old substitute for mahogany, and is still a favorite wood with the furniture maker. It is, however, not easily obtained in a properly seasoned condition for the proper seasoning makes it expensive.

The fact is that with cherry, as with oak and mahogany, the seasoning is an important element of cost.

The cabinet maker who must sink his capital for two or three years in wood that is undergoing the process of seasoning, finds it hard to compete with those who use kiln dried material.

Mahogany is the favorite wood with the best cabinet maker. There is a vast amount of seasoned mahogany to be had from various old articles made in the last century, when the rage for mahogany was well developed, and while the new mahogany is less beautiful than the old, purchasers of furniture seem to have learned that it is worth while to have the new wood well seasoned. —Chicago Journal.

Altruism.

Alfred H. Love of Philadelphia, president of the Universal Peace Union, was talking on the topic, peculiarly congenial to him, of kindness. Said he:

"I once knew a remarkably kind boy. He was a great angler. There was a trout stream in his neighborhood that ran through a rich man's estate. Permits to fish the stream could now and then be obtained, and the boy was lucky enough to have a permit.

"One day he was fishing with another boy, when a gamekeeper suddenly darted forth from a thicket. The lad with the permit uttered a cry of fright, dropped his rod, and ran off at top speed. The gamekeeper pursued.

"For about a half mile the gamekeeper was led a swift and difficult chase. Then, worn out, the boy halted. The man seized him by the arm, and said, between pants:

"Have you a permit to fish on this estate?"

"Yes, to be sure," said the boy quietly.

"You have? Then show it to me."

"The boy drew the permit from his pocket. The man examined it and frowned in perplexity and anger.

"Why did you run when you had this permit?" he asked.

"To let the other boy get away," was the reply. "He didn't have none!" —Harper's Weekly.

The Disappointed Suitor.

Admiral Evans, at a dinner at Narragansett Pier, said, apropos of disappointment:

"A young planter whom I knew in my youth in Virginia was in love with a girl of great beauty. She had many suitors, and to all of them she was more partial than to my friend. But he, though snubbed continually, remained faithful.

"One Sunday evening when he called the girl's little brother admitted him. The youngster led him into the parlor, went upstairs to announce his name, and then, returning, said:

"Sit down, Mr. Sparker. She will see you in a few minutes."

"Sparker said, in a relieved and cheery voice:

"I am glad of that. I was afraid she might ask to be excused, as she has done so often before."

"No fear of that this time. I played a trick on her," said the little brother.

"How was that?" Sparker asked.

"Why," said the lad, "I pretended you were some one else."

An Irishman's Reason.

Sheridan Le Fauu once asked an Irishman what was the English of "Carrigtoohill."

"I never heard any English or Irish name upon it, only 'Carrigtoohill' alone," was the reply.

"I know," said Le Fauu, "it has no other name, but I want to know the meaning of the name."

"Well, now, your honor," he replied, "I never heard any meaning for it only 'Carrigtoohill' alone."

"I know 'carrig' means a dock," persisted Le Fauu, "but what does 'toohill' mean?"

"Well, now, your honor, it's what I can't tell you why it's called 'Carrigtoohill,' unless it's because Mr. Coppinger lives below there in Barry's court."

Young Roller—I think I'll spend that money I saved up. I've been thinking of a trip to England.

His Mother—But you were to save that for a rainy day.

Young Roller—Well, I'm going to London. I'll be sure to find a rainy day there. —Philadelphia Press.

"What a beautiful home you have!" said the old time friend.

"You mustn't let mother and the girls hear you speak of it so patronizingly," answered Mr. Cumarox. "This ain't a home; this is a residence." —Washington Star.

He—Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to.

She—Why so? He—They are always cool in the time of greatest danger.

Keys of brass and iron have been found in Greece and Italy dating from at least the seventh century before Christ.

The strongest minded woman must face the fact that she is of the same race as men. —London Globe.

A Queering Game.

The Robbin-children always had a game before they went to bed. The one the children liked best of all just at present was called "queering things." Sometimes the article selected was cloth; then they would make all the things they could think of that were made of cloth. Then there would be a good night, a silver night, a brass night, and now they were having a wood night. The game was at its height. Nearly everything wooden from a table to a toothpick had been mentioned, and still they did not want to give up—they never wanted to. There was always the plea, "Just one more, mother—oh, please!"

Bany Rossie was asleep in mother's arms, Genevieve's blue eyes were slowly closing, and Arthur's were moving anxiously around the room, trying to spy some wooden object that had not yet been mentioned.

"This must surely be the last one," mother was saying just as Uncle Dick popped his head in at the door.

"Come in, Uncle Dick!" invited Marion and Grace and Harold.

"Tell us something very strange that is made of wood, Uncle Dick; we've used up all the usual things," said Harold.

"Perhaps you have not thought to mention this," remarked Uncle Dick, as he took the evening paper out of his pocket and unfolded it.

"A newspaper made of wood! The idea!" Marion gave her curly head a toss which said, plainer than words, "I don't believe it!"

"I will venture to say that no one has touched the inner pages of this paper since the material of which it was made was a tree standing in some Canadian forest," Uncle Dick went on, as he spread the open paper upon his knee.

Then the children gathered around him, eager to hear what more could be said about a "newspaper tree."

Uncle Dick told them how the great logs are cut into small pieces by machinery, then dumped into another machine containing chemicals which converted them into pulp, and from there into great tubs in the paper mill, and then into several other machines which transform the pulp into huge rolls of paper. When these rolls are placed on presses and printed, the newspaper is made.

"We never should have thought of that by ourselves, should we, mother?" Harold exclaimed, when the game was over.

"No," answered his mother. "I think we shall have to ask Uncle Dick to join our games group."

"Will you, Uncle Dick? Will you?" chorused four eager voices.

And Uncle Dick has promised to do so. —Helen M. Richardson, in Sunday School Times.

How John Hay Regarded Critics.

John Hay was chatting about his literary experiences with an intimate friend when the latter asked:

"John, what feature or phase of this writing business has impressed you the most?"

"Well," was the reply, and the speaker's eyes twinkled mischievously, so far as I am concerned, it's the things that the critics fish out of a fellow's printed stuff that he never put there. But I suppose that critics, like the rest of us, have to show excuses for living." —Success Magazine.

Mixed Dates.

Four-year-old Sarah had two uncles (living out of town) who were about to be married.

"So you are going to your uncles' weddings, dear? And where will they be married?" asked an interested friend of the family.

"One is going to be married in Washington," answered the child, "and the other in January." —Lippincott's.

The Rooster.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"A rooster always sleeps standing up, doesn't he?"

"Yes, my son."

"And a rooster always wakes up early in the morning, doesn't he, Pop?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Well, say, Pop, do they sleep standing up so they won't oversleep themselves in the morning?"

During the Civil War, the late Col. Gabe Bouck organized a regiment which he controlled as a director. It was while the army was resting after Colonel Gabe's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe" as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?"

"I am an humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the—tu Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into the paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Col. Bouck, after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No d—Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety."

One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Ga. Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds its way to the Atlantic ocean. Of course, it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country and appears even more remarkable than the geysers of the Yellowstone.

Telescope Proprietor—Step up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. One penny, ma."

Old Lady—Oh, lor! Hain't it round and smooth?"

Telescope Proprietor—Will the bald-headed gent please step away from the front of the instrument? —Tit-Bits.

"This flower is strictly up to date," said the florist.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the prospective customer.

"Why," he explained, "it was obtained by grafting." —Detroit Free Press.

"Bragg tells me he got mixed up in a scrap yesterday."

"Did he get the best of it?"

"Of course; otherwise he wouldn't have said anything about it." —Philadelphia Press.

"That watch he carries was his great-grandfather's."

"Indeed! His great-grandfather. I know I've often seen it at his uncle's."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Governor's Son, an Election Episode.

"Spatter's" father was to deliver a stump speech at San Diego in his own behalf as a candidate for Governor of California. While practicing the speech, mounted on a hoghead, he fell in and broke his leg.

Spatters had been a rapt listener to his father's eloquence and in the evening the little boy appeared before the meeting to deliver the speech from memory.

"Gentlemen, I know the speech and it's a corker. This is it: 'Friends, San Diego, behind us lies the past; before us lies the future.' His freckled little right hand stretched to the future while the left pushed back the past. 'It has been noted that we shall reap as we have sown; in many cases, therefore, we must reap the fruit of poisonous seeds. But each year brings its new sowing; what do we now choose to plant?'

The crowd was surging towards the platform in its enthusiasm, but Eary and Bill held it back and motioned to the child to proceed.

"The choice is worthy of consideration," the speech went on, every word, every gesture as he had heard and seen. "The whole country will hail the day," he cried, and finally, "Arise, San Diego; I stand here before you to emphasize—to emphasize—"

"He turned cold with fear. He could not remember what came next. He struck the platform savagely with his right foot, struck it over and over, but the gesture did not bring the words. Then he remembered why. 'Oh, I didn't bear up more,' he said, forgetting the paternal warning. 'That was where I fell into the hoghead.' Big tears began to streak his cheeks. 'Oh, if I could only say the rest I could make you vote for us sure,' he burst out, 'but won't you do it anyway? I'll be as all right Governor's son and he'll make the best Governor you ever had 'cause he's a Number one Dad.' —Sarah Comstock, in Lippincott's.

The late bishop Peck of the Methodist Episcopal church, while presiding at a New Hampshire conference, was entertained by a Mrs. Brown, who had a high reputation as a cook. She was especially famous for her mince pies, and at a supper the bishop, who weighed three hundred pounds, at first declined a second help of mince pie.

"I know some mince pies are indigestible, but mine are quite harmless," said Mrs. Brown. So the bishop yielded and had a second and then a third helping.

Evening came, and the large church was packed with people. The choir sang, and the preliminary services were well started, but no bishop. Then two or three went out to look for the absent minister.

They found him in Mrs. Brown's kitchen in the agonies of indigestion. One of the ministers said:

"Why, bishop Peck, you are not afraid to die, are you?"

"No," replied the bishop, between groans. "I am not afraid to die, but I am ashamed to." —Denver Times.

She had had a quarrel with her best young man and in winding up the affair wrote him a letter which called for a reply. After he had abused himself on paper she intended to forgive him, but as the reply had not come at once she retired to her room for the usual feminine cry. Presently the bell rang, and as she was enjoying her night out she dried her tears hurriedly, scrambled her hair into shape and opened the door. There stood the young man.

"Come in," she said rather ungraciously, thinking that she could not be very dignified under the circumstances. "I wasn't looking for you," with the accent on the "you."

"Oh, I thought I'd come instead of writing and save a stamp. You're always telling me to practice economy."

As this was true, she had to forgive him. —New York Press.

There had been a brilliant company at the home of a society lady, a woman whose husband, while a very worthy man, was noted rather for his wealth than for his mental attainments.

"Well, John," she said after the last visitor had gone and they had sat down to talk it over. "It was a complete success, wasn't it?"

"That's so," replied her husband, with a satisfied smile of his head.

"Did you notice professor Muchman?" she inquired after a pause.

"He was the man with the bandage round his neck, wasn't he?"

"Yes. You heard him talk, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; I heard him."

"What an astonishing vocabulary he has!"

"Well, that may be what it is," said John doubtfully, "but from the way he held his head I should judge it was a carbuncle." —London Mail.

Charles Mathews, one day previous to the period of his publicly proclaimed dire bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The waiters were washed down by some rare cherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money."

"It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug. "You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested. "Oh, no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond street!" "But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment. "I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

Kwoter—You know they say, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Grumbell—Yes, but most of us continue to be poor relations. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Most Americans eat too fast and too much, but the grocer and the butcher aren't the ones that are calling attention to the evil. —Somerville Journal.

"Was she so positive in her refusal?"

"Well, it was a decided negative." —Baltimore American.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Every one has an excuse for drinking. None of them is good.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

How many people are you "comfortable" with? Not very many probably.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned gripping pills, and are satisfied that Carter's Little Liver Pills are what you need, you can get them in any drug store. Price 25 cents.

Women's Dep't.

Demands of Civilization.

Rev. Dr. Hainsford of St. George's Church, New York, calls attention to the many reasons why women should receive the ballot. He says:

"Whether we greet it with dismay or hopefulness, one of the results of our civilization is that legislation is entering on spheres which are peculiarly woman's. Once upon a time legislation chiefly had to do with protection of property. Now we legislate about homes, sanitary questions, education, relations to labor and capital, licensing questions, the drink trade, etc., all moral questions that in the most intimate way affect the home as well as the outside interests of life, and questions on which woman is not only a judge, but decidedly the best judge. It is most unreasonable and unfair that in these questions where experience is vital, and all her tenderest interests are immediately affected, her influence should be confined to an indirect influence, and her vote, if recorded at all, only recorded through pressure on her husband or her sons."

"Life has a way of outgrowing law in this world; and when it does, law must itself to life. We legislate on a hundred things our fathers never dreamed of legislating for."

"Today the life of our women has grown wider, has led them up to this point where they come asking the suffrage, and neither common sense nor the interests of the nation will permit it being refused to them."

"Politics and political science must soon be seen as they are—a living and ennobling effort to carry into the life of mankind principles of highest morality, and so to raise and keep aloft men's lives as well as to defend men's pockets."

"In bringing about this better view and better day, I am very sure the morality and idealism of American womanhood must find its place. And so, for my part, I have done and will do what I believe to win for the womanhood of our nation a voice in its fateful councils."

Man and Woman Together Constitute a Complete Being.

BY MRS. W. W. THIMBLE.

However generous men may be in their feelings towards women, in legislation and in every other thing, their ideas are all masculine and their efforts are all directed with masculine ideals—it is an impossibility of nature that it could be otherwise. Man alone can no more found a State than man alone can found a family. He has tried for thousands of years to achieve the former and has always failed. If he were less vain these failures would convince him of the error of his ways. "Man and woman only jointly constitute the complete being" and as physiologically so in every other thing, man alone is incomplete and his efforts lead to incompleteness.

So long as the Republic of the United States denies representation to one half of its people, none can regard it as worthy of preserving a remedy for social ills, or as being consistent in demanding that other governments live up to their promises, while it, itself, violates the very promises upon which it is founded and based.

Alien influence must be off-set by American Womanhood.

When the Puritans, the Huguenots, the Quakers and other early Colonists raised the standard of Liberty on American soil, it is doubtful if they had any conception of the reflex influence of that action on old-world peoples, or realized that the principles they stood for (as later embodied in the Constitution of the United States) would attract to these shores such diverse elements.

That the class of latter-day immigrants differ widely from those of the early days of the Republic, and that in 1905 there were 867,046 immigrants mostly from Southern Europe and Asia against 4,000 in 1784, mostly from Great Britain and Northern Europe, only puts the present civilization on its mettle to convert these shiploads of poor, illiterate, half-fed creatures into self-supporting, self-respecting beings that shall bear some resemblance to their Maker.

And how is this to be brought about? Where is the reserve material which is to balance up his lack of comprehension of distorted ideas of liberty on the part of the newly naturalized citizen? American women loyally labored in every war, every pestilence and disaster that has swept the land, and they have waited for all the convicts to be pardoned and re-entrusted, for the negro to be raised to citizenship, for the foreigners to be endowed with the ballot, and various international squabbles to be adjusted, and now is the accepted time to come into their heritage of citizenship. If it has been a problem to the past to teach and help the peasant immigrants from Europe to become self-governing, how much greater problem to inculcate Christian ideals of government in the Asiatic immigrants nearly a million of whom landed in this country within the past. It is true American womanhood had the ballot to off-set this alien influence at our polls. —Iva G. Wooden.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is distributed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, and it will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the bowels and makes the child comfortable, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the best and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP."

When it comes to romance, the kind found in books is very superior to the real thing.

Is the right thing if you have Nasal Catarrh. Get Ely's Cream Balm at once. Don't touch the Catarrh powders and snuff, for they contain cocaine. Ely's Cream Balm releases the secretions that inflame the nasal passages and the throat, whereas common "remedies" made with mercury merely drive them in and make the inflammation worse than you were. In a word, Ely's Cream Balm is a real cure, not a delusion. All druggists, 50c., or mailed by Ely Bros., 66 Warren Street, New York.

Diagnose is immortal and living even when one thinks it dead. —Plautus.

The third, longest lasting and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

Don't abuse your rival. Behave better than he does.

CARTER'S

Little Liver Pills

For Biliousness

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In making matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as far as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query, and the signature. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1906.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST
HIS
DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES
WITH
NEW JERSEY PATENTS.
By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.
(Continued.)

Meribah's grandfather, John (4) Slocum b. 14; 9; 1694, a ship carpenter, who married 8; 2mo.; 1717, at Flushing, N. Y. Susanna (Hunter, dau. of Peter and Jane Hunter, they coming from Ireland in 1716). John died in 1759 and his widow married second in 1759, Thomas Holmes and died in 1772-3. John (4) Slocum made his will, proved Dec. 10, 1758, as found in Liber C. p. 126, thus, at Trenton N. J.: "I John Slocum of Shrewsbury, N. J., to be buried by my two executors, my wife Susanna and kinsman Joseph Parker; To wife Susanna I give all my plantation, one bed and furniture convenient thereunto as long as she is my widow, my negro Joe during her natural life, and after or before her decease I give unto her full and free power to will him to any of her children as she thinks proper, and be then to serve for the full term of 10 years after death of my wife and then the said negro shall be set free.

To son John Slocum, all my plantation and appurtenances belonging, bounded East by Peter Parkers and the Brook, South by Edward Patterson Cooke and the highway to the brook, thence North to John Hulet's line to where I began, together with that part of the Island meadow beginning at the Island Bars and thence running to the East side of the Island Cove; To son Peter Slocum all that tract of land lying on South side of the highway that leads up to Town with the house and all other improvements thereon, with 8 acres of woodland running North to Samuel Slocum's line, late deceased; To son Jonathan Slocum all that tract lying North from said highway to the above 8 acres; To daughter Hannah Slocum 60 pounds when 18 years; To daughter Meribah Slocum 40 pounds when 18 years. Executrix, my only one (name not given but space left for it, as he used the word executrix it must have been his wife, whom he mentioned as such in beginning of will).

Witnesses, Bartholomew West, Nathaniel Slocum, Francis Briley. Children of John (4) Slocum and Susanna (Hunter) were:

John (5) Slocum, b. 1721, d. June 26, 1781; md. Rebecca.

Peter (5) Slocum, b. 1723; d. Aug. 18, 1780; md. Catherine Hulet.

Jonathan (5) Slocum, b. 1731; d. 1789, md. Mary Webley, b. 1734 and d. 1809, an only daughter of John Webley, whose parents I have not.

Children of Jonathan and Mary (Webley) Slocum were;

Peter (6) Slocum, b. Aug. 17, 1760; md. Abigail Newman.

Thomas (6) Slocum, b. Oct. 4, 1762; d. at Shrewsbury, N. J. Jan. 1770.

Elizabeth (6) Slocum, b. Dec. 21, 1765; md. Michael Casey and she d. without issue, Jan. 1841.

Margaret (6) Slocum, b. Nov. 22, 1767; md. Peter Wardell.

Thomas (6) Slocum, b. Feb. 11, 1770; md. Ruth West, June 9, 1818; and had one child Ruth Slocum.

Ann (6) Slocum, u. Feb. 23, 1773; md. Asah Briley.

Hannah (6) Slocum, by will of her father to have 50 pounds when 18.

Meribah (6) Slocum, to have 40 pounds by will of her father when 18.

The first father-in-law of Susannah Hunter was Nathaniel (3) Slocum, b. Dec. 26, 1652 and d. 31; 6; 1702, whose wife was Hannah (Tucker, dau. of Henry (1) Tucker and wife Martha).

A Nathaniel (3) Slocum had a grant of land in Shrewsbury, N. J., of 240 acres in 1679, and his mother Joan Slocum, relict of Gile (2) Slocum left her son, in her will, proved 1683, (she dying 31; 6; 1679), two shares of land near the Town of Shrewsbury, it is presumed Nathaniel settled on the same. He may have married in Portsmouth, R. I., and had one child born there, as all the other children are recorded in Shrewsbury, N. J., on Friends records as born there; Nathaniel married the sister Hannah, of his sister Mary's husband, Abraham Tucker.

Children of Nathaniel Slocum and Hannah (Tucker) were:

Samuel (4) Tucker, b. 3; 11; 1682; d. 1788; md. before Dec. 30, 1710, Deborah Sarah (4) Slocum, b. Meh. 15, 1684, in Shrewsbury, N. J. md. — Rutter.

Savall (4) Slocum, b. Jan. 15, 1686, in Shrewsbury, N. J.

Meribah (4) Slocum, b. Nov. 7, 1686, in Shrewsbury, N. J.; d. 8; 8; 1712, Abet Preston of Philadelphia, Pa., fourth day of the week in the house of Meribah Slocum (her aunt, born Meribah Parker and married John Slocum, brother of Nathaniel, father of Meribah Jr.), according to Shrewsbury Friends' Records, and as Sarah Rutter signed marriage certificate of Meribah Jr. next after Paul and Priscilla Preston, who sign directly under bride and groom, we are sure Sarah was sister of the bride, and signing as Sarah Rutter proves that she married as aforesaid.

Elizabeth (4) Slocum, b. Jan. 15, 1689; md. Peter Parker; both signed marriage certificate of Meribah (sister of Elizabeth) and Abel Preston.

Nancy (4) Slocum, b. July 12, 1692; signed her sister Meribah's marriage certificate in 1712.

John (4) Slocum, b. Nov. 14, 1694; md. Susanna Hunter, aforesaid, named for his uncle John Slocum, brother of his father, who md. Meribah (Parker, dau. of George and Frances Parker, whose son Peter Parker md. Sarah Cooke, dau. Thomas (1) Cooke), John and Meribah died without issue, so John Slocum in his will, proved Feb. 2, 1792, gave his estate in Shrewsbury and Newlinck, N. J., to his nephews, John, son of his brother Nathaniel Slocum, and Peter, son of his wife's brother-in-law, Peter Parker, and to his niece Mary Slocum, who married Abraham Tucker, brother of wife of Nathaniel Slocum, which estate John (5) Slocum received from his father, Gile (2) Slocum.

Block Island.

The election in the Town of New Shapsham on Tuesday last resulted in a divided victory, the officers of Mayor and Representative going to the Rose or anti-Champin party, while one or two of the town officers were also captured by them. It is felt that the defeat of the Independent nominees for the General Assembly was due to some extent to the arrangement of their names on the new ballot, particular care being necessary on the part of their adherents to make their votes count the way they wished. For Senator, J. Eugene Littlefield secured 206 votes to 188 for Ray (4) Lewis, giving a majority of 18. For Representative, Schuyler C. Ball received 205 to 169 for W. Talbot Dodge, a majority of 16. Senator Champin was not a candidate for re-election this year.

The election passed off quietly and was free from the disturbances which had been feared.

The vote for town officers was as follows:

MODERATOR.
Lorenzo B. Mott, R. 201
Hamilton A. Mott, Ind. 195

ASSISTANT MODERATOR.
Leonard Lockwood, R. 222
Lester E. Dodge, Ind. 206

TOWN CLERK.
Edward P. Champin, Ind. 206
No opposition.

FIRST WARDEN.
S. Martin Rose, R. 200
John C. Champin, Ind. 207

SECOND WARDEN.
Joseph H. Willis, R. 205
David Mott, Ind. 204

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
Ralph E. Dodge, R. 204
Samuel L. Hayes, Ind. 204

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
Arthur N. Shemfield, R. 202
Loren A. Dickens, Ind. 206

THIRD COUNCILMAN.
Alvin R. Sprague, R. 202
Alton H. Mott, Ind. 206

TOWN TREASURER.
Alma J. Rose, Ind. 206
No opposition.

TOWN SHERIFF.
Jeremiah B. Allen, R. 202
Hamilton A. Mott, Ind. 206

COLLECTOR OF TAXES.
John A. Mott, R. 202
Bliss W. Mott, Ind. 204

OVERSEER OF POOR.
Freeman Mott, R. 202
Charles Littlefield, Ind. 206

TAX ASSESSOR.
Henry K. Littlefield, R. 204
Hamilton A. Mott, Ind. 206

Town Officers.
The result of the election for members of the General Assembly was as follows:

FOR SENATOR.
Districts—1 2 Total
Osborn, R. 267 215 482
Henry C. Osborn elected without opposition

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
Districts—1 2 Total
Bowen, R. 222 174 396
Walker, Pro. 66 61 127
Bowen elected by 280 plurality.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Edeline D. Grinnell, daughter of Mr. George A. Grinnell of this town, to Mr. John H. Knowe of Newport.

Mrs. Clara Blake Rose will shortly remove to Providence to reside.

Gray Brothers hauled their fish traps last week and have returned to their home at Tiverton Four Corners.

Little Compton.

The result of the election for members of the General Assembly on Tuesday last was as follows:

FOR SENATOR.
Wilbur, R. 146
Elected without opposition.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
Burchard, R. 148
Elected without opposition.

A MODEL WINTER COLONY.

The attractiveness of Lakewood is greatly enhanced by the architecture of private residences which has been successful to a remarkable degree. Every variety of style and scale is artistically represented. These which harmonize best with their surroundings, on the whole, are perhaps those after the antique Dutch Model designed from the Copley prints. Their colored roofs and rough plaster half hidden in ivy, peep out charmingly from their setting of guarded pines.

The Hotels are built on a vast scale and are not surpassed by those of any other resort in appointments and comfort. The fact that Lakewood does not contain a single cheap or lawless feature should not convey the impression that it is exclusively a resort for the rich. Rates are moderate at the hotels and it is preeminently a resort for the business man. There are also numerous private boarding houses suitable for families of moderate means, and the excellent schools make Lakewood especially suitable for a winter home. The Lakewood booklet, published by the Central Railroad of New Jersey contains information of value to those interested, including institutions of the town, opportunities for out-door recreation and general advantages, as well as the names and rates of the best hotels and boarding houses. This suggestive brochure will be sent to anyone writing for it to C. M. Burt, General Passenger Agent, 143 Liberty Street, New York City.

New England Passengers for Royal Blue Line

Trains of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad have advantage of Direct Street Car Service from Grand Central Station to the New 23d Street Station of the Baltimore & Ohio, New York City.

On October 23d a new line of through street cars was inaugurated between Grand Central Station, New York and the new Baltimore & Ohio Station at the foot of West 23d street. This arrangement provides excellent cross-town transfer for passengers from New England territory to Baltimore and Washington on the Royal Blue Line and to all points on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

The cars will run every four minutes from 7:30 a.m. to 7 p.m., making the distance between the two stations in about 20 minutes without transfer.

The famous trains of the Royal Blue Line are well known throughout New England and the solution of the transfer problem at New York will be appreciated by all passengers to Washington and points beyond. For tickets and detailed information concerning trains, call on or address J. B. Scott, New England Passenger Agent, Baltimore & Ohio R. R., 360 Washington Street, Boston.

Mr. John R. Caswell of New York was in this city the past week.

Iron Beds at \$2.65?

At Titus' only. Three big stores, six carloads a year—that's why, and the only why. Best beds made—tempered chills—baked enamel, every detail of the high-cost ones—but plain.

With Brass Rails at \$4.25.

Rails at head and foot with spun knobs and spindles. No such had at any such price anywhere else.

White Enamel Chiffoniers.

Real white enamel—no paint. 5 large drawers, full width and depth—our 3-store buying is the only explanation of this little price. \$6.25.

Little pieces for good things, at

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LOSS OF MEMBERSHIP

Ends Career of Royal Society of Good Fellows in Bay State

Boston, Nov. 10.—Having lost over 10,000 members, the Royal Society of Good Fellows, which has had an existence in this state since 1886, has been driven to the wall with liabilities alleged to be about \$164,322. The society will go out of business in this state, but will continue in Rhode Island.

The Royal Society of Good Fellows was organized under a charter in Rhode Island dated Feb. 23, 1882, and began business on March 3, 1882.

In 1889 the society came into the state of Massachusetts to do the business of writing insurance on a fraternal benefit plan and paying death benefits of \$3000. In 1899 it had a membership of 15,223, but in January, 1906, its membership had dropped to 4529. The membership now is about 4000.

Guards Deny Accusations

Windsor, Vt., Nov. 10.—At the prison hearing here former Guards Peaslee and Green, against whom improper conduct had been freely charged, denied all the accusations. Former Superintendent Oakes denied that he had misappropriated any funds or supplies belonging to the state. J. B. Moore, a night guard, admitted that he took a letter from Mrs. Mary Rogers to Attorney Enright, in which the murderess denied any intimacy with Vernon Rogers, a convict.

Mrs Chadwick's Appeal Denied

Cincinnati, Nov. 8.—In the United States circuit court of appeals here, the petition of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick for a new trial was refused. The judge declared that Mrs. Chadwick ought to have known it was wrong to draw checks on a bank when she knew she had no money on deposit there and that the inference drawn by the jury in the trial court that she acted with intent to defraud was a proper one.

Fishery Dispute May Drag On

St. Johns, Nov. 9.—The British cruiser Latona, stationed at Bay of Islands, which was about due to leave there, has received special orders indicating that she is likely to remain there until Christmas, owing to the American fishery dispute. This is regarded here as indicating that an early termination of the pending negotiations is unlikely.

"Looped the Gap" For Last Time

Columbus, O., Nov. 7.—Luke Howard was fatally injured at Sellersville while "looping the gap" in an automobile. The machine had gone safely through its evolutions, when it bounded up after landing and turned over, falling on Howard and breaking his back.

Peckem—I have been asked to join the Married Men's club, my dear Mrs. Peckem—Indeed! And what do married men want a club for, pray? Peckem—Why, misery loves company, you know.—Chicago News.

Most Americans eat too fast and too much, but the grocer and the butcher aren't the ones that are calling attention to the evil.—Somerville Journal.

A Strange Recipe For Acting.

Perhaps the most striking instance of voluntary hallucination is that recorded by an intimate friend of the actor Talma. Langlois states that when ever he entered on the stage he was accustomed by force of will to make his brilliant audience disappear and to substitute for them a house full of skeletons. The emotion which these ghastly creatures of his own imagination excited served, he declared, to give additional force to his own impersonations.

The Bow and Arrow.

The first mention of the bow and arrow is found in the Book of Genesis, where it is written that Ishmael, the son of Abraham, "dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer." "A bow shot," too, is mentioned as a measure of distance. In the sculptured stones found at Khorsabad and Nineveh representations of archers frequently occur, and the bow seems to have been a weapon in the Assyrian and Persian armories.

MANY BONES BROKEN

Two Nurses Said to Have Caused Death of an Aged Man

Waterbury, Vt., Nov. 6.—Peter F. Durant, an inmate of the state asylum for the insane, is dead, the result, it is alleged, of an assault upon him by two male nurses. An autopsy determined that his breast bone and four ribs had been broken.

Soon after the alleged assault occurred two nurses, M. J. Dennis and D. B. Coon, were arrested on a charge of assault. They were later held for the grand jury in bonds of \$3000 each. Dennis obtained bail and left the state, but Coon is still in jail in default of sureties. No action has been taken yet regarding a change in the charge against the men.

Durant, who is 80 years old, was committed to the asylum from Middlebury on Oct. 28. He could understand and speak but little English. Last Tuesday at dinner the old man had an argument with Dennis and Coon, and it is alleged that both the nurses struck the patient. Dr. Bone, one of the hospital physicians, examined Durant and found that his injuries were serious. The two nurses were arrested within 20 minutes after the assault is alleged to have taken place.

Justice Bale held them for the grand jury. Durant steadily grew worse and his death came yesterday.

Socialists Officially Recognized

Boston, Nov. 10.—A tabulation of the vote for the Socialist, Socialist-Labor and the Prohibition candidates for governor has been practically completed and again the Socialist party has gained official recognition by polling 3 percent of the total vote. The vote for the gubernatorial candidates of the three parties in 33 cities and 294 out of 321 towns was as follows: Carey, Socialist, 12,479; Carroll, Socialist-Labor, 2710; Wylie, Prohibition, 3197.

Youth Held For Manslaughter

Great Barrington, Mass., Nov. 9.—William Jones, a negro, aged 18, was held for the grand jury on a charge of manslaughter after an all-day hearing in the local court. The evidence indicated that Jackson fired a shot to frighten boys who were throwing apples at him as he drove along the street and that Walter Webster, 20 years old, was hit by the bullet and killed. Ball was fined at \$1000.

Gunners Bring Down Wolf

Nantasket, Mass., Nov. 10.—After a desperate encounter with a full-grown gray wolf, Walter Kelly and Benjamin Atwood shot and killed the beast while they were gunning for ducks yesterday afternoon. The animal weighed 125 pounds. For over a month he, tame geese and ducks have been stolen, and the mutilated carcasses of the birds led to the belief that foxes were the thieves.

Chase Will Case Postponed

Lynn, Mass., Nov. 10.—The contest over the will of the late Jennie P. Chase, wife of Dr. Horace Chase of Swampscott, whose suicide on Sept. 13 by inhaling illuminating gas caused a widespread sensation, was to have been begun in the probate court at Salem yesterday, but owing to the indisposition of one of the witnesses to the will the hearing was indefinitely postponed.

Terrible Fall in Smokestack

Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 10.—By the giving way of the singing inside the 100-foot steel smokestack of the Union Metallic company Edward Sassey and Harry McDerbald were dropped from the top to the bottom of the shaft and terribly injured. The men were cleaning the smokestack. Sassey's recovery is doubtful. McDerbald suffered a broken arm and ankle.

New Haven Road's Acquisition

New Haven, Nov. 9.—A deed recording the sale of the property of the New Haven and Derby Railroad company to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company has been filed in the town clerk's office. The consideration named is \$704,370. The New York, New Haven and Hartford has thus finally obtained full control of the Derby line.

Secretary of War Taft is now at Panama, in conference with Chief Engineer Stevens. The canal board estimates that seven years will be required in the construction of the locks alone, each of which will be two-thirds of a mile long and 800 feet broad. The gates will weigh 1,800,000 pounds.

Plans are being considered in San Francisco to build 5000 miles of railroad in Alaska, to cost \$40,000,000. The government will be asked to aid the project by guaranteeing the bonds of the proposed company.

Baron von Steinburg, the German ambassador to this country, called on Secretary Root Saturday and outlined him that Germany is ready to negotiate a new trade treaty with the United States.

CARR'S LIST.

BEN BLAIR. By Will Lillibridge.
THE STORM OF LONDON. By F. Dickberry.
THE BLACK SPANIEL. By Robert Hichens.
THE MAN FROM RED-KEG. By Eugene Twining.
HOWDY HONEY HOWDY. By Lloyd Ombours.
BABY BULLET. 218 THAMES STREET.
Telephone 638.

Fall River Line.

FOR NEW YORK, the South and West.

Steamer PROVIDENCE (new), and PLYMOUTH in commission. A fine orchestra on board.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days only at 8 a.m. Returning from New York Steamers leave at 10 a.m. North River. Boat of Warren Street, week days only, at 6:30 p.m. Boat at Newport at 2:45 a.m., leaving there at 3 a.m. For Fall River, For tickets and rates apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 21 Thames street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent.

OLD COLONY STEAMBOAT CO.

O. H. TAYLOR, General Passenger Agent, N. Y. H. O. NICKERSON, Sup't. New York. C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

CASH

Reduction Sale.

To settle the Estate of the late

O. B. FIELD

WE SHALL OFFER FOR SALE AT Greatly Reduced Prices, OUR STOCK OF

Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Silver Ware, &c.

A fine opportunity to buy very fine goods at very low prices. Sale to begin on

MONDAY, NOV. 6th.

H. A. HEATH & CO.

11-44w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Office of the Clerk of the Court.

Newport, October 10, A. D. 1906. WHEREAS, Hattie L. Keough, of the City of Newport, in the County and State aforesaid, as died her petition in said office praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between Hattie L. Keough and Thomas F. Keough, now in parts to the said Hattie L. Keough, unknown, notice is therefore hereby given to the said Thomas F. Keough to appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court, to be held at the Court House in said Newport, within and for the said County of Newport, on the first Monday of December, A. D. 1906, then and there to respond to said petition.

CHARLES E. HARVEY, Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., October 16, A. D. 1906.

JANE E. ALBINO and others present to this Court their petition, in writing, praying that Joel Peckham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator on the estate of

NATHANIEL PECKHAM, late of said Middletown, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of November next, A. D. 1906, at one o'clock p.m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of his wife, MARY J. SULLIVAN, late of said Middletown, deceased; that he has given bond to said Court as required and is now duly qualified to act as such Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said Mary J. Sullivan, are hereby notified to file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

CORNELIUS SULLIVAN, Administrator.

Middletown, R. I., Oct. 21, 1906—10-21-1w

Standard Diaries

—AND—

Calendar Pads,

FOR 1906.

—AT—

CARR'S,